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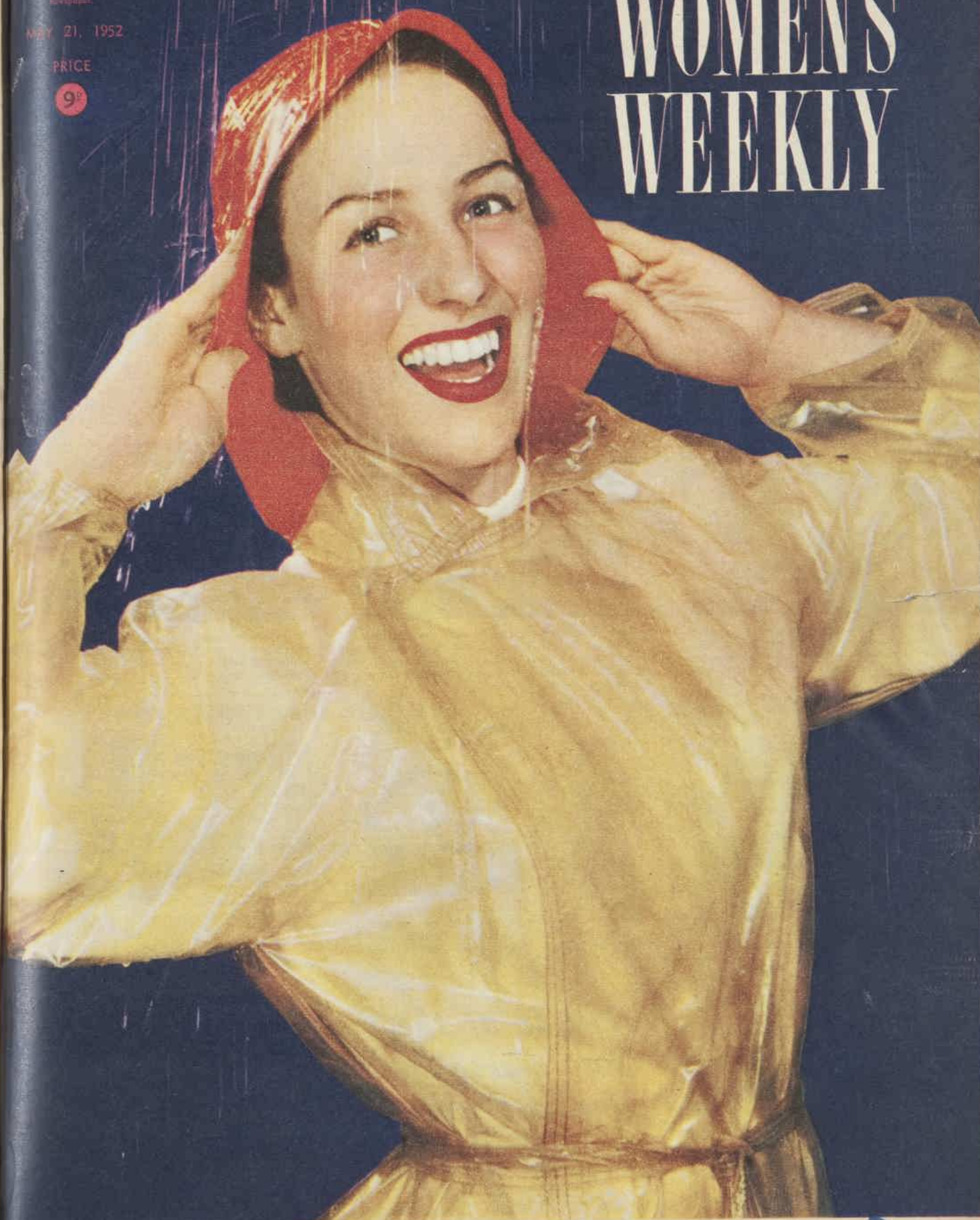
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The Australian
**WOMEN'S
WEEKLY**



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First

PERFORMANCE



By the sheer blazing force of her anger Marta made Tim look up and answer her question.

HE was nice, this Stan Agnew, refreshingly young and strangely immature, it seemed to Marta, to have written such a play as the one she had just seen in rehearsal at the Globe Theatre.

Sally Lamotte, who played the lead in "Out of the Day-spring," had presented the author to her, and Stan Agnew, quick to like Marta's lively forthrightness and ash-blond beauty, had invited her to have lunch with him. And she liked him. He's nice, she thought, and I have the oddest feeling about him. I'm sure he's going places, maybe not with this play but certainly with some of his future ones.

He will be another name in the theatre world. I'm sure Tim Jarrold won't like him, though, Marta thought.

And suddenly, looking up, she saw the same Timothy Jarrold staring at her and young Agnew from a table across the restaurant. Tim, with his tie askew, his grey suit unpressed, his red hair unruly, looking, as he always did, the perfect image of Hollywood's idea of the typical newspaperman.

Stan Agnew had been following her gaze. His blue eyes smiled at her. "Friend of yours?" he asked.

"He does the play reviews on 'The Clarion,' where I run the woman's page—Tim Jarrold."

"Oh, yes!" Stan looked interested. "I've read some of his stuff. He can be awfully cruel. And so many people read 'The Clarion.' I wonder what he'll do to my play?"

Probably, mused Marta, now that he's seen you with me, he'll tear it to pieces and you along with it. Tagging after me for years, but always afraid of getting in too deep, and always jealous of any man to whom I give a second look.

"Oh, Tim's fair enough," said Marta. "But he can be pretty harsh and he can be wrong, too."

This was no disloyalty to Tim. She had often told him the same thing, especially of late, when three plays that he had callously condemned as first-grade turkeys had bloomed as birds-of-paradise!

"I hope it's a success," said Stan. "I worked like a dog at it. I'm not very sure of myself, you know, Marta. You don't mind my calling you Marta?"

"Why, no. I don't mind one bit. That's all I'm ever called—Marta."

"Hello, Marta!" Tim Jarrold was standing above them—Tim with his red mane of hair, his snub nose, and cheery grin.

Marta's quick mind compared him with Stan Agnew—blond wavy hair, classic profile, finely chiselled mouth. And

Stan's grey suit and grey tie made Tim look rather more like a scarecrow than usual.

Still, he studied Marta's companion with cool appraisal; Tim stood in awe of no man.

"This is Stan Agnew, Tim. His play, 'Out of the Day-spring,' is opening at the Globe the week after next. This is Tim Jarrold, the big, bad dramatic critic, Stan."

The two men shook hands. Stan's eyes were wary and he seemed so very young and unformed beside Tim's hard-boiled casualness.

"Another one, eh?" said Tim. "Another trifle with the gods! Maybe you have a play, Agnew. Here's hoping. But when you look at the bilge that's been shown this season you begin to wonder if there'll ever be anything good again."

"You haven't been reviewing plays for long, have you?" asked Stan.

"Tim, please, won't you join us?" Marta had seen Tim's hackles begin to rise at Stan's innocent-seeming question.

"Thanks, no, Marta." Tim, looking at her, forgot what

By L. A. CUNNINGHAM

ILLUSTRATED BY BOOTHROYD

he was going to say to this brash youngster. When he did remember, he tempered it a lot. "Oh, not long, friend, but long enough. I'll be looking forward to seeing your little piece."

"I hope you'll like it," said Stan. "Well," Tim grinned, "one can always hope. Bye, Marta. Have fun."

He slouched away. Marta's blue gaze followed him; up to the cashier's desk, out of the swinging door into the afternoon crowd.

"Like him a lot, don't you, Marta?"

"Oh? Oh, I'm sorry." She came back to Stan, back to the buzzing restaurant and the food in front of her. "Perhaps I do."

Of course I do, she told herself. I'm mad about Tim Jarrold—but what's the use? He's always going on about the slavery of marriage, the same old routine. Free as air—that's Tim.

It used to be, I know, that he was afraid of the wolf—he wasn't getting much money. Now he's getting good pay.

"Looks like a character from 'The Front Page,'" said Stan, reminding her more than ever of a Greek god. "I didn't know there really were newspapermen who looked the way newspapermen are supposed to look."

"Tim would be like that if he were a bank clerk," Marta was quick to defend him. Tim's slouchiness wasn't studied; he just forgot to pay attention to the hang of his coat or the way his tie was knotted.

"You're too good for him, Marta." The way he said it made her heart quicken. It wasn't the usual line, she knew; it wasn't an act.

"You're being kind," she said, smiling. "But you don't know much about me—not in this short while—and you don't know much about Tim Jarrold either."

"I think I do, about both of you. I work hard at my trade, too. And I have to know people. I—I'd like to know you better, Marta—if you'll let me."

She hesitated only a moment. Why not? Why ever not? Any girl would be more than willing to have Stan Agnew's friendship. Tim—Tim was always there, but no understanding existed between them. Perhaps, she sometimes told herself bitterly, none ever would.

"I'll let you, Stan," she said, and for a moment he laid his strong hand on hers.

"Thank you, Marta. I—believe me I'm not trying to rush you. It's just that one knows—"

"But can one be sure?"

"Oh, I think so." He was like a boy again, his eyes bright and eager. "Something seems to tell you when you see—when you meet the girl. I felt it when I saw you standing there in the wings with Sally Lamotte. I wanted to know you. And now I know you, and I have peace with you."

She shook her head, thinking of Tim, of how little peace either of them ever had when they were together. Their association was just one long wrangle, one briefly interrupted argument about plays, books, people.

With Stan—with Stan you could lie on the beach in the sun and dream and let the days of your years slip by like a smooth-flowing river—not like a tempestuous waterfall. She let herself think about it. In the days that followed she thought about it a great deal.

Please turn to page 4

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STAN was busy with his play, with the hundred and one details that always precede an opening—temperamental players, last-minute alterations in the script, a threatened strike.

But still he found time to spend with Marta . . . time to send her flowers, red roses, an orchid when he took her out to dinner. Time to let his love for her show like a blazing meteor in the way he looked at her, the way he hung upon her every word.

It got around. It was the big topic in the newsroom of "The Clarion"; it was all in the gossip columns. Everybody was glad for Marta. She was such a good sport that they all agreed the best things should come her way.

They felt sorry for Tim, after a fashion, but wondered if Tim really needed or deserved any sympathy. If Tim loved her he surely had queer ways of showing it.

No flowers ever came her way from Tim Jarrold, or chocolates, or any other little thing. Maybe a book now and then on some obscure subject that interested him. Even when they went out together Marta always paid her way.

Tim was the consistent newsman, always broke, but always able, somehow, to dig out something for any of the fraternity more broke than himself.

The fact, so obvious to all the rest of the staff, that Tim was losing Marta did not seem to bother him. Perhaps he didn't even notice it. The theatre beat was new to him, a promotion, and he worked hard at it, since J. C. Pryor, the owner, had made it quite clear that he'd stand no nonsense from Tim Jarrold or anyone else.

He didn't mention Stan Agnew's name to Marta. Twice in the fortnight before Stan's play opened they lunched together, but it wasn't until the night before the premiere that Tim spoke.

They were in the restaurant in the basement of "The Clarion" building, having the usual wrangle, this time about the future of the British theatre, and keeping the argument on a pretty high plane until Tim was outwitted.

"Oh, of course, I see what you're driving at," he said. "The great talent that is soon about to burst upon the world, Mr. Stan Agnew, our newest torch-bearer, who will cast light on the darkness in which the theatre wallows. Are you really serious about this chap, Marta?"

Blue eyes met brown with a look steady and fearless. "It could be that I am, Tim. It's rather nice to meet a man who's serious and expects to be taken so. Who takes you seriously and treats you as—as a woman, not just a jolly old pal to be booted about and knocked around."

"Little Marta!" The grin was more lopsided than ever, but the brown eyes were troubled. "I can't believe it. Do you sit here and actually tell me that under that newspaper-toughened, petal-smooth skin of yours, under that woman-of-the-world shell, beats the warm heart of a little girl . . . wanting sweets and flowers and perhaps a sonnet or two penned to her pencilled eyebrow—grrr!"

He looked around in her direction and she cowered against the Gibraltar-like bulk of J. C. Pryor.

The big boss smiled benignly at her. "First nights are fun, eh, Marta?"

"For everyone but the playwright and the cast, I expect." She tried to answer his smile. No fun for her, she was sure of that. She was actually

First Performance

Continued from page 3

"You don't know much about women, do you, Tim?"

"What? Me! Not know much about women!" He pushed back his chair without waiting to see if she were even ready to leave. "Well, I guess I do. I knew when I saw you with your Apollo, the playwright, that you'd fallen at last. You were all starry-eyed, dewy-lipped, girlish. Well, good luck to you, Marta. I—I hope you have it."

"You're going to try to wreck his play though, aren't you Tim?" Marta's husky voice was low-pitched. "You're going to tear it to ribbons, Tim, aren't you? Going to make a heap of rubbish out of it and laugh him to scorn? I know you well enough."

"Smart Marta." The laughing mouth was grim now. "I have to be true to my code, darling. If Mr. Agnew's play has a bad smell it would not be right for me to praise it. And I'm pretty sure it has just that."

"Anyway, I'll be fair. I'm always fair. As I said before, good luck to you—and him."

He put down his money for his share of the meal and walked away. Marta's eyes followed him and slowly the angry gleam faded from them.

It was the first time she'd ever seen Tim really ruffled, really vulnerable. He was no longer cocksure of himself, no longer certain that she would be always there for him to come to when he chose.

Certainly, things didn't look good for Stan. Tim's eyes had held a wicked gleam when he spoke of Stan. He would do a job on the play, she was sure.

Some of the other critics took their cue from Tim, and they would conclude beforehand that he wouldn't be any too kind to a play written by the man who had stolen his girl.

"You won't have to listen too hard, rumor has it, for the sound of wedding bells ringing out for one of our newspaper belles and a promising young playwright whose first brilliant effort is soon to be seen."

"Wonder what a certain tough critic thinks? It rather puts him on the spot. To be or not to be kind: that's the question. She'll be there cheering for him at the premiere. Here's to her—and him." So ran the gossip columns in rival papers.

Marta was there, but she was too nervous to cheer. She went with J. C. Pryor's party, a lot of bigwigs from the newspaper world.

She looked down at Tim, marked the look on his lean-faced face and felt a coldness creep into her heart. Tim was out for blood. That red head of his was an index to his temper.

He looked around in her direction and she cowered against the Gibraltar-like bulk of J. C. Pryor.

The big boss smiled benignly at her. "First nights are fun, eh, Marta?"

"For everyone but the playwright and the cast, I expect." She tried to answer his smile. No fun for her, she was sure of that. She was actually

trembling when the curtain went up on the first act, and her fingers were crossed.

Was it good? Was it a flop? You couldn't tell. There was applause, mostly restrained, at the end of each act. To Marta the play seemed as good as it had in rehearsal. But you had to watch it, you had to think.

And all the time she was conscious of Tim Jarrold down there with those other men whose words of praise or condemnation could do so much to make or mar this lovely thing.

She gasped when she saw Tim get up before the end of the play and saunter slowly down the aisle and out of the theatre.

"Oh, the—the—" Her teeth bit into her lip. "That's his way of showing what he feels. If he has any sense, any decency—"

She glanced up at J. C. Pryor. He was leaning forward in his seat, his leonine head lifted. "Gad!" he muttered. "Well, by gad—"

Marta could scarcely wait for the play to end. She had a wild idea of pleading ill and making a bolt for it. But she dared not.

She had to wait until it was over; then it was easy for her to make her excuses to Maud Pryor, an understanding soul, and slip away. Out into the cool of the streets, out of the glitter and dazzle, and take a taxi to the office.

Tim was there at his typewriter, a cigarette between his lips, his hat over on one ear.

"Hello, Mart." He continued to type. "Saw you there; under the cliff, or was that J. C. Pryor? Quite a house, wasn't it? And was that you leading the cheers?"

"Tim! Tim Jarrold!" She made him, by the sheer, blazing force of her gaze, stop typing and look up at her. "What are you doing to Stan's play?"

"Burying it, darling." His eyes were hard, his mouth was hard. "Burying it while it is still kicking. Call that a play! Who does he think he is?"

"There!" He stabbed a last word on to the page. "It's done and I think Agnew's done and I'm off to Cornwall in my old car for a fortnight. Look it over, won't you, sweet, and pass it on to the immortality of newsprint."

He got up slowly, came over to her, and, bending, kissed her quickly on the lips. "Sorry, Marta. But that's the way it is."

And with an exaggeration of the usual swagger, he drifted out of the smoky cavern. Marta did not move for a long time.

Tim Jarrold had never kissed her before—never attempted to touch her in all the years he had known her. She felt shaken, a bit dazed—and angry that he could make her feel that way.

There was nothing out of the way in his asking her to look over this review, except that it was the review of Stan's play, that it could help—oh, so much!—to build or destroy.

It would destroy. She read it slowly, carefully, and it was cruel—cruel as Tim's reviews were when he didn't like a play. And it hit on the play's weaknesses.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—May 21, 1952

A leopard can't change

Harry was tired of being nice, so decided to be more aggressive. But he had no more success than the animal with its spots.

ILLUSTRATED BY TOMPSON

THIS is a story about a young man who believed everything he read. His name is Harry Conerly, and he isn't very big and he isn't very small, and he's not very handsome, but his face hasn't stopped a clock yet. He has a mother and a sister and a girl and a job, and practically everyone who meets him thinks he's nice. In fact, he is nice.

And that was just what had begun to weary Harry. Usually he didn't think much about himself; he just took things as they came and he didn't fuss about them. But the past few months, for some reason, he had been thinking about himself, and he wasn't too pleased.

It just seemed as though something was missing. He had a nice family and a pretty good job and a beautiful girl and a car of his own, and that was a lot for any fellow to have. But it still didn't seem enough.

The family, of course, he couldn't change, and he wouldn't have wanted to. But it did seem as though the other things could have stood a little changing. Instead of a pretty good job, for instance, he could have had a wonderful one; instead of a second-hand car, he could have had a new one. Instead of a beautiful girl, he could have had a wife.

If he could have changed his pretty good job into a wonderful one he could have changed Sylvia into his wife, and that was

what he wanted to do. All they were waiting for was a raise.

In time, of course, he would get one. He was already the assistant supervisor of shipments for the J. C. Corbett Company, which was a small, dependable concern making a small quantity of thoroughly dependable braces. It was an impressive enough title, but what it really meant was that Harry just sat at a desk and handled a lot of paper work that the supervisor was too busy to handle.

In time the supervisor would get promoted or get a better job, and then Harry would get a raise and a bigger desk and a chance to marry Sylvia. It would all happen in time.

But that was just the trouble; it seemed to be taking such a long time.

By JOSEPH and ADELINE MARX

Sylvia was small and dark and vital and intense, and when she made up her mind she was going to marry Harry Conerly she disappointed half the young men in town. One or two of them even went around muttering to themselves, asking themselves questions like: "What's he got that I haven't got?"

If anybody had asked Sylvia, she could

have told them. She would have said, "Nothing, really. But he's so nice."

Harry knew it. And he had just about come to the conclusion that being nice was a fatal weakness in his character.

Everybody liked him. He never made anybody mad. The only person he ever made mad was Sylvia's father, and he was mad all the time anyway. Harry never made anybody mad, but he never made anybody notice him much, either. He was wonderful to have around. But he certainly wasn't dynamic.

The trouble was, Harry saw too many movies and he read too many magazines. And in ever so many of the stories he would come across the same recurring plot—the plot where the hero, a mild and gentle person, suddenly forgets that he is mild and

gentle and starts throwing his weight around. Maybe something makes him mad; anyway, he shouts at the boss, and the boss looks at him with new interest and figures there's more to the young man than he had thought. And gives him a raise.

Then he turns his girl over his knees and spunks her, or maybe he just bawls her out, and after she finishes weeping she says, "Darling, let's get married right away." It doesn't seem to make much sense, but in the stories it always works that way. Harry had seen it happening lots of times in the movies. The only trouble was

he never could see it happening to himself. And that was why he was unhappy.

So this night—it was just a night like any other night—he took Sylvia to a movie. He had dinner at Sylvia's first, because Mrs. Barrett had asked him. She knew it would make Mr. Barrett mad, but, after thirty years, she didn't particularly care whether Mr. Barrett was mad or not. Mrs. Barrett was a lot like her daughter in some ways.

All through dinner they had a political discussion; that is, Mr. Barrett did. Harry didn't really listen, for several reasons. First of all, he often didn't listen to Mr. Barrett. Besides, he was busy looking at Sylvia, who was looking unusually lovely, and he was also busy feeling the pressure of her foot on his under the table.

When he had first felt her heel digging into his instep he had thought she was trying to signal him whenever her father made a particularly outrageous remark, and he had appreciated the intimacy, though he had wondered why she had to signal quite so hard. Later he realised that she didn't even know her foot was on his; she was wiggling her sharp heel about comfortably, thinking she was resting it on one of the carved ball feet that held up the golden oak table.

By that time, of course, he couldn't have moved his foot without embarrassing Sylvia. So, unable to pay much attention to Mr. Barrett, he just kept saying, "Yes, yes indeed. You're quite right, sir."

"How can I be right?" Mr. Barrett snarled suddenly.

Harry had often wondered the same thing himself, but he didn't think he ought to say so. "Why, what you've been saying seemed very sound," he said courteously.

"Bah!" said Mr. Barrett, or something that sounded like it, only worse. "How can it be sound when I've argued myself right around in a circle? Answer me that!"

Harry, hunting desperately for an answer, found that all he was capable of was wondering whether Mr. Barrett's fringe of white hair actually stood up on end or only seemed to. "Why, perhaps there's something to be said on both sides," he said at last.

Please turn to page 42

"Look out!" cried Harry, as the stranger sent Sylvia hurtling back against the car.



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WHEN WE HAVE OUR WISH

If only Gail had been the younger of the family she could have dramatised herself as Cinderella, but she was the elder daughter. Her mother was dead and her father was perpetually immersed in business problems. Gail ran the house and mothered Pam, her young sister, and was generally too busy to spend much time worrying about the things she wanted and couldn't have.

The trouble was most of the things she wanted were connected with Jim Hunt, and they were always attended by some catastrophe. She had known him ever since she could remember, and the story was always the same. He partnered her in odd sets of tennis at his mother's home, and whenever he was home for the week-end he greeted her amiably, but that was all.

Jim's mother was always filling the house with attractive young women and not quite as attractive young men. She wanted Jim to get married.

Gail had admired Mrs. Hunt's unselfishness and had wondered which of the attractive young women it would be. She did not know quite what train of thought suddenly determined her on a new policy. Perhaps it was the remark Pam had made when she borrowed Gail's pearl earrings for a dance.

"All set for the fray," she had said lightly. "They look good, don't they? You can't hook a fish without a worm."

Gail hadn't known whether to be angry or amused, but it had set her thinking.

Jim was coming home this week-end, and Mrs. Hunt had asked her to a tennis party on Saturday afternoon. She would buy a new tennis frock. They were expensive, of course, but she would manage somehow. She would sell her bicycle. She would manage without it, and bicycles brought good prices nowadays.

Before she could change her mind, she took the bicycle to the local garage, and, armed with the money the proprietor gave her on the spot, she went to town and bought herself the frock.

On Friday evening after dinner she was just about to press the frock when the door-bell rang. On opening it she saw it was Jim.

"I came to tell you," he said, "that we've altered our plans for to-morrow."

Gail's eyes widened a little, and she automatically straightened her shoulders, as if to brace herself against the disappointment that was flooding through her.

"Yes," he said. "I got the idea this afternoon. I got out my old pushbike and went up to Haselford Hill. I hadn't been there for years, and I remembered the picnics we used to have during the school holidays. So I thought, 'he went on, so absorbed in his plan that he did not notice her lack of response to his enthusiasm, 'we'd go up there to-morrow morning on our bikes and have a picnic lunch.'"

"I can't come," she said, and the intensity of her disappointment made her voice wooden and expressionless.

"But mother said you were coming to tennis. If you've anything on in the morning, can't you put it off?"

"I sold my bicycle," she said as lightly as she could. "I didn't use it much, and it was getting rusty, and so I sold it."

He did not say anything for a few minutes, and she knew he was trying to think of something kind to say. Everyone knew her father was having business difficulties, and she could see that he suspected she had sold her bicycle for urgent reasons, but he was too considerate to let her know.

"No good letting it go to rack and ruin," he said presently. "There isn't even one we can borrow, either. I got the last one for Judy. She's staying for the week-end."

Gail tried to remember if she had met Judy. Probably she was the pretty blonde who had been down at Christmas.

"I'm sorry you won't be able to come," he said, and she could find no more than friendly regret in his tone.

"I should have sold my tennis racquet," she said, with a little hysterical laugh, the vision of her tennis frock flashing through her mind.

For a while Gail gave up the whole thing as hopeless. The picnic had been a great success. Jim's mother had told her. And Jim was coming home for a whole week soon, and they were going on another. They were in the main street at the time and, acting on a sudden impulse, Gail went into the garage as soon as Mrs. Hunt had driven away.



A short story complete on this page

By Marjorie Hasell Pryor

She had six weeks before he was due home, and by the luckiest chance in the world her bicycle had not been sold. Mr. Higgins said he'd have to charge her seven pounds, ten shillings because he'd straightened the back mudguard and tightened the chain and put a new patch on one of the tubes.

Gail agreed eagerly. Seven pounds, ten shillings. She had a couple of old bracelets at home that might be worth a pound or two. And then she thought of how many young couples she knew who would be glad of a baby sitter.

As the evenings went on, Gail found that the parents kept recommending her to others and that soon she had quite a number of employers. For the first week or so Gail went from job to job each evening, and then one of the parents asked her to help little Mrs. Harris. Mrs. Harris wanted someone every evening from this Saturday for a week.

"Everything depends on this week," said Mrs. Harris, when she went to see her. "My husband has a chance of a marvellous job. There's a man here now, and we want to be free to entertain him and his wife in town, and if I can feel the children are being looked after, and if you could come a little early on Saturday so that I can dress in time to catch the twenty to—"

Gail could not resist the appealing look in little Mrs. Harris' blue eyes, and she could see how vital a matter it was. And, anyway, it didn't matter coming early. This was the last week. By the time she finished she would have enough money for her bicycle, and next Saturday Jim would be home.

She had just put on her hat and coat when Pam called her.

"Telephone," she said, "I think it's Jim."

"Can't be," said Gail. But it was.

"Old Kingston asked me to take my holiday a week early," he explained, "so I'm trying to round up everybody to come over to-night. Mother is rustling up some food, and we can plan what we'll do next week. I'm sorry it's such short notice."

"Oh, Jim," her voice was almost a wail, "I can't, I'm going out."

Pam was still nearby. "Don't be an idiot," she hissed, "of course you must go—"

"No, I'm dreadfully sorry, Jim," Gail said. "I'd love to have come. No, I can't possibly put it off. No, I'm going out to-morrow night, too."

"Oh, dear," she said, as a decided click in her ear told her that he had hung up. "He sounded a bit angry."

"Well, the line of conversation you handed out would set any man back a bit," said Pam. "You're absolutely the screwiest woman I know. What have you been doing all

ILLUSTRATED BY FISCHER

this 'sitting' for? Why don't you throw it up for one night at least? You don't want a bicycle for a party at the Hunts'."

"I know," said Gail miserably, "but I couldn't let little Mrs. Harris down."

The young Harris' were not used to being looked after by a stranger, and they regarded Gail suspiciously, and, when their first awe had subsided, they thought of every possible reason for not settling down in bed.

Even the baby, whom Mrs. Harris had assured her always behaved like a perfect lamb, lay in his cot and yelled at the top of his lungs.

Gail began to feel desperate. Her telephone conversation with Jim had left her limp and depressed. Life seemed to stretch before her in an endless frustration.

Jim would never bother to telephone again. Pam was quite right. No man would stand for the succession of "no's" she had given him.

She went upstairs and found all three children had gone to sleep. There was nothing to do but sit in misery until it was time for Henry's bottle. But at half-past nine the bell rang. She got up listlessly and opened the front door.

Jim stood on the doormat and looked into the hall be-

"I came over straight away, when Pam told me where to find you," Jim told Gail as she prepared the baby's bottle.

hind her. His face looked grim, and Gail was too startled even to ask him in.

"Can I come in for a minute?" he said.

She stood back and they both went into the sitting-room. At that moment, apparently awakened by the door-bell, there was a call from upstairs, "Can I have a drink of water?"

"That's Helen," said Gail. "I won't be a minute."

When she came down again she found Jim shutting the double doors that led into the dining-room and looking a little guilty.

There was another call from upstairs.

"Oh, dear, that's Harold. Helen must have awakened him." Jim seemed a little less grim.

"What a household for anyone who drops their aitches," he said.

"I know," Gail stopped on her way to fetch Harold's glass of water. "It's Mr. Harris. He wants all the children to be H.H." She laughed a little hysterically.

"I knew a family of Smiths," said Jim, rocking on his heels in front of the fireplace, "and their initials were H.M.S., F.R.C.S., and S.O.S."

"How awful," said Gail, feeling a little nervous in spite of Jim's loss of severity. "I must get a glass of water."

She ran upstairs and gave Harold his drink, but the sound of her footsteps had awakened Henry. Desperately she took him downstairs.

"It's time for his bottle," she said to Jim. "He'll go on crying until I get it. I'll go and get the bottle if you hold Henry." She thrust the baby towards him, but he was looking at her with a puzzled frown. "I won't be a minute."

Jim took the baby and tucked it under one arm. "Wait a minute," he said. "Did you say his name was Henry?"

He had followed her into the kitchen, and the baby, secure in the strength of masculine arms, had stopped crying.

"I told you it was all aitches," Gail said.

"Henry," said Jim slowly. He had come round the table and stood beside her. "Pam rang me up about nine and I came straight over. She told me that you had come to this address. She said she was worried about you as there was a bloke who might make some sort of trouble for you."

Gail stood, the bottle in one hand, and gazed at him stupidly.

"Pam said the bloke's name was 'Henry,'" went on Jim. "She said that if I came over and gave him a sock in the jaw it might keep him quiet."

Gail looked at him with widened eyes and almost dropped the bottle in the excitement of what she was beginning to realise—Jim looking over her shoulder into the hall, peeping into the dining-room while she was upstairs, looking for someone of whom he was jealous. Yes, jealous!

"I was furious, I can tell you," he said. "I'd been trying to get near you for months and you shooed me off every time. . . . And then Pam put me wise to this chap named Henry." He looked down at the crying baby. "Do you think if I gave him a sock in the jaw it would keep him quiet?"

"Oh, Jim!"

Jim pulled her towards him, and Gail closed her eyes as he bent and kissed her.

And Henry, wedged firmly between the two of them, saw his bottle in Gail's hand and grabbed it and started drinking with a deep sigh of contentment.

(Copyright)

The Patient at PEACOCKS HALL

RHODA planted the newspaper down squarely on the table in front of me, right beside my cup of after-lunch coffee.

"I never did think her eyes were a patch on yours, Miss Ann," she said, pointing eagerly at the photograph. "Take a good look. You can see them. They're as plain as anything. Now let me get you a hand mirror."

She was forthright and innocently excited in every fibre of her ample being, and she tore open an old wound as surely as if, with her plump, well-meaning fingers, she had found the cicatrix and ripped it from my flesh.

It was so unexpected. I had had such a busy morning and was so full of other people's troubles that my own life was utterly forgotten. She took me completely off guard and got right through at a stroke.

"No, thank you," I said politely, hoping she would not guess what frightening pain the photograph caused me, for I knew she would be watching me anxiously to see if my recovery was complete. Rhoda is the kind of woman who digs up the mint outside her kitchen door two days after she has planted it to find out if it has started to grow.

Hastily I added, "I've seen my eyes this morning, and they're blood-shot again. What do you think it is? Alcohol?"

She was nearly side-racked; then she took a breath and peered at me. "Nonsense," she said. "They're lovely. Just like you poor mother's, only a different blue and not so round."

"How true," I agreed. "Like her, I've got two of them."

"Now you're trying to be funny, like your father. I never laughed when he wanted me to, and I shan't at you. You have got nice eyes and you're getting quite good-looking altogether now you've finished working yourself to death at the hospital."

Her kind, unlovely face wore its most characteristic expression—part suspicion, part belligerence, and nearly all affection. "Aren't you going to read the bit about her? Or perhaps you don't want to?"

I ignored the emphasis. Rhoda did not mean it, or at least not much. She was sixteen when she came to work for my mother, three weeks after I was born, and, now that I am the only member of the family left, she has continued to work for me just as faithfully and a good deal more chattily.

My cottage has only one downstairs room other than the kitchen, and it is a big one. It is furnished with the nicest bits from home and is long and low, with French windows giving on to a small mossy yard, and it looks on to the broad tree-islanded meadow which marks the end of the built-up area on this side of the little town of Mapleford.

I love it, and I was happy and peaceful and content before she spoke. Now, since she was watching me, I had to read the paragraph about Francia Forde.

I did not linger over the photograph. Let me be honest and say at once that I have never really studied any of the reproductions of that lovely Botticelli face with its

halo of pale hair. I never saw any of the four films she starred in, and I never let myself envisage her as a real woman.

This was lest I should fall into that most self-punishing sin of all, and hate her till I burned myself to ash. I had no idea if she was tall or short, shrill or husky, witty or a fool. As far as I was concerned, Francia Forde had never existed, or John Linnett either.

Anyhow, that was my story, and I was sticking to it pretty well. I had my own way to make, and I was enjoying it. At twenty-eight I was the chief assistant to Dr. Ludlow, an old man who had a practice twice too big for him.

My experience was growing every hour. I liked my patients, and their troubles were mine. I could still rejoice when they were born, and feel a genuine pang when, despite my best efforts, they died.

Love was now just another natural malady suffered or enjoyed by other people. I had experienced it, I knew about it, it was over.

The paragraph could hardly, therefore, be expected to hold much interest for me, and I was surprised to find how difficult it was to read. The words danced before me, and their sense didn't seem worth discovering.

It was something about the "beautiful" Francia Forde, whom everyone had loved so much in "Shadow Lady," having taken leave of the studios for a while to become the Moonlight Girl in an enormous press-advertising campaign which Moonlight Soap and Beauty Products, Ltd., were about to launch on a breathless world.

FOR me, this paragraph simply meant that I was going to be reminded of Francia Forde in every magazine or newspaper I opened and that even the air would not be free of her. Movies I could and did avoid, but now she was going to be everywhere.

Rhoda had stamped off with the plates, so I did not have to watch my face. I put the folded paper down and sat looking across the table at the rock flowers and the meadows beyond.

The past is a terrifying thing. One finds one cheats so. John was four years older than I. We were the children of friends. Our fathers were doctors in the same town and from our babyhood they had set their hearts first on our taking up medicine and then on our marrying.

At that moment I could have sworn that it had all been a silly mistake of the old people's and that we never could have loved each other, and yet in the next instant I was remembering the night I first noticed that John had grown so breathtakingly good-looking.

It was the night before he was off to war as a full-fledged major in the R.A.M.C., and I was still in my first year at hospital. We had walked in the Linnetts' walled garden and the trees had whispered above us and the sweet earth had breathed on us with a new tenderness.

Without wanting to in the least, as I sat there with Francia Forde's smile flashing up at me from the page, I remembered the feel of his fingers on my shoulder and the hard, unexpectedly importunate touch of his mouth on mine.

I could understand still and even recapture all the crazy magic of that moment when we realised that the one really important thing in all the world was that we were ourselves and no one else and that together we were complete and invincible.

All that was quite vivid. I could remember the plans we made and how none of them seemed at all grandiose or impossible.

Even the children's clinic, which was to grow into a hospital and a research station, was more real to me than, say, the puzzled misery of the last time he came home on leave just after V-E Day.

By that time terrible things had happened. Old Doctor and Mrs. Linnett were both gone. They had stepped into a crowded train after a flying visit to London, only to be killed in a raid two stations down the line.

My own father, too, was fuming in a bed in his own hospital as the cruelty of his last illness slowly consumed him.

I don't think John and I quarrelled on that last leave. We knew each other too well. We were still friends, still in love. We made plans for our wedding, which was to take place as soon as I had finished at St. James'.

But there was a change in him. He had become nervy and preoccupied, as if the strain of war had begun to tell.

I know his looks had become remarkable. He had always been considered handsome, but now there was something outstanding about him.

He had his father's dark red hair and wide-shouldered height, his good head and wide smile, and he had Mrs. Linnett's short straight nose, creamy skin, and the narrow, dancing eyes that were more attractive in a man even than in her.

Old friends, and even strangers, looked hard at him twice, and, if they happened to be young and female, were inclined to blush for no good reason at all. To do him justice, he had not seemed to be aware of any change.

That long, lonely period later, in the winter of 1945, when I had no letters, the time which seemed to go on for years, had no reality for me as I sat thinking that afternoon. Yet every line of the Southersham "Observer's" bombshell that spring was as clear to me as if I had had the fuzzy print before me.

The owner and editor of that paper was my father's only local enemy, and the way he presented that extract from the film company's publicity sheet was typical of him. He conveyed the idea that he did not approve of it, but he got every word of it in.

Miss Phillimore sent the paper to me in London, and I got it on a day that was pure poetry, green and gold, and blue skies. No one but

she could have written: "This may surprise you, dear," in that spidery 1890 hand.

The editor had quoted a few paragraphs written in the out-of-this-world style some of those writers achieve. I could recite them still, though I had read them only once.

FRANCIA FORDE CAPTURES GLAMOR HERO FROM ARMY
Medicine Relinquishes Its Hand-somest Man.

Francia Forde, Bullion's new and scintillating starlet, who is to portray the daughter (Yetta) in the new Dolores Duse epic, "Chains," has married John Linnett, Director Waldo's latest discovery. Linnett, who has been granted indefinite leave from the army to play opposite his bride...

There was a final line or so written in the same vein:

The Rumour Bird whispers to us that there is a certain little lady doctor in Linnett's home town who is going to feel badly over this development.

The Southersham "Observer" finished the piece with a reference to "an engagement notice printed in these columns not long ago" and a snappy hark-back to the tragedy of Dr. and Mrs. Linnett's death in the raid.

I remembered that, all right. Although I was heart-free and cured, I remembered every paralysing word of it. Incredibly enough, that was all there was to remember. That was all I ever heard. I had no letter, no message, not even gossip through friends.

It was as though John had died. He had turned his back on his home, his ideals, and everything he had ever lived for.

When "Chains" appeared, Francia was in it, but not John. She made her first hit in that film, in which Dolores Duse, the veteran French actress, was so moving, and in her next film she was a star.

Since then she had gone from

ILLUSTRATED BY

Tom Lister

Brilliant new mystery serial by MARGERY ALLINGHAM

strength to strength. But John had vanished. If he was still married to her, he kept in the background. He never wrote and he never came back to Southerham.

Well, there it was, that was my worry, and if I had not forgotten quite so completely as I had thought, I had at least got over it.

Old Dr. Percy Ludlow saved me from myself just then. I glanced up to see him trotting across my meadow—my cottage is on his estate—and I got up to open the glass doors to meet him.

Anyone less like the popular conception of a doctor I have yet to see.

He is a tough, slightly horsy little man with a face like red sandstone, and a gay, colorful style of

dress he can't have changed since he was a boy.

Local people whisper to me that he is eighty, which is absurd. He looks sixty and still rides to hounds whenever he gets a chance.

Percy has not been quite the same since he has been "nationalised," as he is pleased to refer to his position under the new National Health Scheme, and, of course, the change has been a sensational one from his point of view.

After a lifetime of behaving like some benevolent and beloved Robin Hood, soaking his rich patients to pay for his poor ones and preserving a religious impartiality in his treatment of disease wherever he found it, he awoke one July morning to discover himself a paid government clerk as well as an unpaid general practitioner.

In fact, instead of having the one master in his sacred calling, he found he had two, and the second—who held the purse strings—was a vast, impersonal, remarkably un-informed machine with a predilection for having its million and one queries answered in triplicate.

He says that he's probably going to die of writer's cramp but I think it is more likely to be apoplexy.

I suppose, in my more serious moments, I ought not to approve of him. He is obstinate and old-fashioned, hopelessly conventional, and a snob.

Yet, when science has let me down and a diagnosis is be-

yond me, he will shuffle up to the bedside, sniff, and fish up out of some experience-taught subconscious an answer which is pure guesswork but which happens to be right.

Just then, as he came dancing in, I saw, to my surprise, that he was angry. His rather light brown suit was buttoned tightly round his compact body, and his vivid blue eyes glared at me belligerently from his red face.

He paused just inside the room, and, playing with the coins in his trouser-pockets, said: "I suppose you're very pleased with yourself, Doctor Fowler."

That "doctor" was a danger signal and I spoke cautiously. "Not more than usual. What have I done now?"

He thrust his chin out at me. "Overconscientious, that's what's wrong with women in the professions. No thought of consequences. Lose a packet of aspirin and rush off to the police."

"Oh," I murmured, enlightened. "The dormital."

"Dormital!" He repeated the word as though he had never heard of it—as perhaps he hadn't. "What is it? One of these rubbishy phenobarbituric derivatives, I suppose. Where did you get it? Some silly firm send it to you as a sample?"

Since he had clearly been talking to Brush, our local inspector, to whom I had reported everything, this was not too clever of him. Had he been a little less angry I might have pointed that out.

As it was, I murmured, "I'm sorry, but it is a poison, and I think someone really must have taken it out of my bag when I was on my rounds, so I reported it."

I could see him making up his mind how he was going to manage me. Presently he disarmed me with a smile. Then, shaking his head, he

asked me for the list of calls I had made on the day of the loss.

When I fetched it, he went over each entry, calling everyone by his first name, which wasn't really surprising, perhaps, since he'd brought most of them into the world.

"Lizzie Luffkin," he read aloud, a forefinger on the page. "Yes, I heard you'd been there. She's a strange old lady; rather a dangerous old lady. Makes up what she can't learn. Pity you called. Left the car on the road, I suppose? Unlocked?"

"I'm afraid so," I admitted.

"Don't blame you. Never locked a car in my life. Told Brush so. No, there's no one doubtful on this list, Ann. You couldn't have taken it with you." He eyed me with a curious expression which was half shrewd and half obstinate.

"Make up your mind to that," he went on. "You don't know Mapleford as I do. We're old-fashioned down here. Maybe we're even a little narrow. Am I making myself clear?"

"Not frightfully," I said.

Please turn to page 30



"Take a good look," Rhoda said, and I hoped she would not guess what frightening pain the photograph caused me.

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Editorial

Vol. 19, No. 51

May 21, 1952

AUSTRALIA NEEDS EVERY CITIZEN

THE Australian aboriginal, like the American Red Indian, is not a "vanishing race."

He is not going to die out so that Australia can forget past disgraces and lift a pious head in international discussions on the treatment of minorities.

There is a danger now, however, that the aboriginal may be killed with the wrong sort of kindness.

This can come from the hands of those who think of him as "a noble savage" and talk vaguely about restoring him to his "natural state."

Or from the faction which thinks of him as a primitive who should be shut away in compounds.

The third and in the long-term the only possible treatment of the aborigines is along the lines being worked out by the Minister of Territories, Mr. Paul Hasluck, with the Administrator of the Northern Territory, Mr. F. Wisc.

The plan provides for an extension of health and education services, and also the establishment of mixed farming in the Territory.

Is the aboriginal ready to help?

At Darwin's May Day procession the aboriginal exhibit included a native, who is training to be a mechanic, dismantling a motor. Obviously he doesn't want to live as a parasite in a compound.

Recently some natives travelled 500 miles to see a pise house being built. They apparently are not content to live in a "wurlly" forever.

There is no need to grace Mr. Hasluck's proposals with phrases about "restoring the dignity" of the aboriginal.

From a practical point of view, Australia needs the willing services of every citizen, no matter what color.

BOOK REVIEW

By AINSLIE BAKER

AUSTRALIA already has a small but first-rate World War II literature that stands comparison with war-inspired creative writing of any country.

To it now must be added the story of a small group of Australian commandos on Bougainville in the last year of the war in the Pacific.

Hungerford is a former journalist who served with the 2/8 Australian Commando Squadron in New Guinea, New Britain, and Bougainville. He was mentioned in dispatches for his work in the latter campaign.

We also learn from the dust-jacket that the author (now with the Australian News and Information Bureau) was one of 118 secretaries who have served Mr. W. M. Hughes, M.H.R.

He has written a book that is utterly without pretension. The result is a vigor and authenticity that lifts the work far above the average war story.

Its mateship is never mawkish, its disenchanted soldier

humor never forced, nor its emotion debased to sentimentality.

Hungerford, in short, has the sensibility and technical skill which enables him to serve up a slice of life on the printed page.

The characters of "The Ridge and the River" are men of an Australian commando patrol who go out under the leadership of a new lieutenant to raid a Japanese camp.

The long ordeal of getting back to their base with two wounded is a tour-de-force of suspense writing.

Wilder, the new officer fresh from an officers' training

The Australian Women's Weekly

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OUR COVER

The girl who looks as if she enjoys wet weather is one of Sydney's younger models, 19-year-old Marie Roberts, of Coogee. She does modelling work in the daytime, is a theatre usher at night. Staff photographer Clive Thompson took the picture.

This week:

● Our new Margery Allingham serial, "The Patient at Peacocks Hall," begins on pages 8 and 9. Margery Allingham is in the top rank of mystery-story writers, and to her millions of fans her name is sufficient guarantee of entertainment. She is in private life Mrs. Philip Youngman Carter, wife of an artist and editor. Her address sounds as if it came out of one of her own novels. It is d'Arcy House, Tolleshunt d'Arcy, Essex. She is 48 this year, wrote her first novel at 16.

● During the war, 30 British men, most of them servicemen, others Foreign Office employees, married Russian girls. By 1945, 12 of the wives had reached Britain. After that, repeated applications from the remaining wives for visas and repeated pleas from British authorities brought no results. By 1948 at best five of the women remaining in Russia had applied for divorce. Some of the five "disappeared." As the years passed, many of the British husbands gave up hope. One who did not was William Rickitts, now an attendant at a science museum in Kensington. His efforts, however, were fruitless. Recently he released for publication the letters he had received from his wife. They tell their own pathetic story, which you can read on pages 12, 13, and 15.

● The big influx of migrants will in time have many influences on the habits and characteristics of Australians. Among the small changes already being felt is that of habits in cookery. Interest in recipes from other countries, once confined to a small section of people, has spread much more widely in the past few years. If you are interested in adding to your recipes for exotic dishes you'll welcome the feature on page 49.

Next week:

● Cover and two pages of color in our next issue feature a series of exceptionally fine photographs of Australian birds. The pictures were taken by Mr. R. P. Cooper, of Surrey Hills, Victoria. Mr. Cooper, an accountant, has devoted his leisure to the study and photography of birds for 25 years. He is Honorary Ornithologist of the National Museum, Melbourne.

THE RIDGE AND THE RIVER
By
T. A. G. Hungerford

course, has been introduced to the men in disastrous circumstances.

It falls to the lot of the corporal, Shearwood, to hold the patrol together to ensure that by the time it returns Wilder is accepted as its leader.

As a counterpoint to the major drama of the patrol are the personal tragedies and triumphs played out against a background of unmapped jungle and the ever-present likelihood of death from the fire of a concealed enemy.

Descriptions of the kanaka guides, nostrils flaring, every sense alert, trying by age-old instinct to get their bearings in unknown territory, have a strange beauty and excitement.

Most people will have a better understanding of human nature after reading the book. Unless they have served in the armed forces they will also have learned some new expressions.

Our copy of "The Ridge and the River" is from the publishers, Angus and Robertson.

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"I AM AFRAID..." British husband writes a diary of fading hope

● William Rickitts, former employee at the British Embassy in Moscow, married Iraida (Erena) Evgenievna Orlova, a Soviet citizen, in Moscow in December, 1945. He left Moscow on May 15, 1946, and ever since she has been trying to leave Russia to join him in London, where he is now an attendant at the Science Museum, Kensington.

Here, traced through her letters, is the exclusive story of their long, anguished battle for permission from the Soviet authorities to live together.

THIS is the story of six years in the life of my wife, Iraida Evgenievna Rickitts, citizen of the Soviet Union, British subject by marriage, and known to me tenderly as Erena or Erenochka. It is told principally by the letters which she has written to me since I returned from Moscow on May 15, 1946. That was the last time I saw her. She stood below the window of my plane waving to me. She was crying.

She wrote always with great love and in the loyal faith that one day we should be reunited. It was never intended that her words should be published. But neither did we intend that long years should pass between us in lonely separation. Many times in her letters she appealed to me: "Never give me up. Fight for me!" It is because of that appeal that you read these words, for never has she more needed help.

Her letters came to me by diplomatic bag from our Embassy in Moscow, a privilege which she did not abuse. She was always proud of her country; even on the day of our marriage when she flung herself into my arms and said happily: "Now I am English, too, my Williamochka!"

Her first letter showed me how much pain she felt on parting, and how little we understood.

May 18, 1946.—"Four days I have been without you, my darling, and I am crying... I watched your plane disappear, I saw the last of it in the sky and then I went away. I could not sleep that night.

"At the airport I could say

nothing to you because of my tears. Now I can say, my William, please, take care of yourself. Wait for me, wait for your Russian wife. Remember that in far-away Russia there is a girl who loves and adores you. My only life rests in you. You are everything to me. Do not forget."

It has been impossible to forget, for the time I spent in Moscow means only Erena to me. I met her in November, 1944, outside the Bolshoi Theatre, on the same spot where she was to be kidnapped seven years later. I had been in Russia five months and I was depressed and lonely. I was 42, no longer a young man, and I have never been able to make friends easily. I had

By WILLIAM RICKITTS

found Russia bleak and inhospitable, cold, hungry, and bitter from the war.

I was holding two tickets for the ballet. Several people spoke to me in Russian, but I did not understand them. Then Erena came, and, in perfect English, asked if I would sell her a ticket.

I remember how beautiful her hair looked and how ugly her great padded overcoat. I told her hesitatingly that I would be glad if she came with me herself. She smiled and nodded, and I followed her into the theatre.

Our friendship began then. I was proud of Erena, proud of the way she took my arm at the Embassy dances. She was very beautiful, full of joy and laughter and 20 years younger than I, and although at times I felt like her father, more often than not she made me feel as young as she. She was a student.

I liked Erena's mother, a little dark-haired woman who was employed by one of the big Moscow hospitals. Her husband was Erena's stepfather,

a squat, stolid man with a peasant's face. He was a school inspector. There was also Ura, Erena's brother, a Red Army veteran, and Galya, a step-sister.

They all lived in two rooms on Petrovka Street. In the main room was a huge table on which a pot of tea was always standing. We would sit about it, drinking tea, laughing, singing.

I would meet Erena at six every evening at the Metro station. Sometimes we went to the Embassy cinema or the Bolshoi. We ate ice-cream in the little shops along Joski Street, and we talked. We talked endlessly. We marched together in the great parades. We were happy.

One day, months after we first met, we were walking in the park at Fili and suddenly I took her hand. We turned and faced each other and then I kissed her for the first time. We talked often of marriage after that. We turned into a register office a few days after Christmas, 1945, and before witnesses recruited from its staff, we were married.

Our marriage was a surprise to Erena's family and it worried them, but Erena's stepfather sent out for vodka and we had a grand party—a Russian party, where one eats, drinks, eats, and then drinks again. For four and a half months Erena and I lived in a little room which the Embassy gave us at Stary Dom, where tall windows let in the winter sun. Each morning she left for her studies, and I for the Embassy, while the Soviet militia-man at the gate touched his cap and said: "Hallo, Gospodin Rickitts!"

I knew it would soon end. I should have been returned to England quickly after the marriage. It was the rule, but I postponed it by not handing in my passport when I was asked. At last I had to go. There was a last party, and Erena's mother cried, while her stepfather frowned and looked uncomfortable. And I last remember Erena crying on the airfield.

In England I at once sent her the documents she needed when applying for a visa to join me, letters from my employer, a letter from me saying that I loved her and would look after her. But her next letter—one of a series that came by diplomatic bag—told me that nothing was going to be easy.

May 26, 1946—"I found out (at a party) that one of the wives has been waiting for her visa the whole year."

*From my that I shall not go on I
promise to go to England because of our
relations with England, others say that
I shall go. And these contrary rumors
make me very nervous. I try not to
listen to bad words and I love at the
bright side, darling! I want to be with
my husband.*

*My husband who helps me much!
You know, my examinations start on
the 10th of June. This subject is English.
I have a very small chance of passing.*

JUNE 2, 1946: The first doubts had begun that the Soviet authorities might withhold a visa to allow her to join her "Williamochka" in England, but Erena resolutely concentrated on her examinations. She passed, but the authorities refused her a job because of her English marriage.

A Russian wife's letters



MARRIED IN MOSCOW in 1945, William Rickitts (above) and his Russian wife, Erena (right), lived together for only four and a half months before his return to England. They first met by chance outside the Bolshoi Theatre in Moscow, where Rickitts was standing alone holding two tickets for the ballet "Swan Lake." Erena asked him in perfect English to sell her a ticket, and he asked her to be his guest.

June 2, 1946.—"I am so happy to-night. At last I have received a letter from you. Of course, I could not help crying again, but this time my tears were from happiness. I want to come to you so quickly. And there are silly people here. One of them says that I shall not get a permit to go to England because of my relations with England."

I, too, was worried, because relations between Russia and the West were worsening. In London, the Foreign Office told me that there was little I

could do here to hasten Erena's visa. Meanwhile, I found a job and began to save money, planning the flat Erena and I would have.

When she wrote and told me that she had passed all her examinations, I knew how proud it must have made her. She was. But then came a bitter disappointment. Because she had married a foreigner the Government refused to give her a job.

July 4, 1946.—"I have been promised a job as a translator at the British Embassy. Oh, darling, I do wish the Foreign Ministers would finish with their arguments. I am so afraid, darling. I can't live without you. Write to the Soviet Embassy in London. Write to the Dean of Canterbury. Write to them many, many times."

I did not write to the Red Dean, but I wrote everywhere else.

July 28, 1946.—"It seems to me that the day will never come when I shall see you again. Darling, what are you doing for my visa? Dearest, please do something."

"It is Sunday and it is so hot in Moscow. The streets are empty because nearly everybody has gone to the country or to the Navy Day celebrations. It is quiet in our home, too. We have just finished dinner, my father, my

mother, and I. I wish you were sitting at the table with us, holding my hand as you used to do."

There was more disturbing news in the next letter. I do not remember the man she speaks of—perhaps one of her brother Ura's friends. But I felt uneasy when I read:

July 29, 1946.—"Darling, do you know who is at our house now? That member of the Communist Party. He is asking about you."

Saddened by long years apart

She began work at the Embassy for 800 roubles a month. From 9.30 to 5.30 she translated Russian papers into English. The news in the papers upset her. Perhaps my letters were despairing, too. I wrote and told her that I would get on a boat for Russia and take her out myself.

August 16, 1946.—"My adorable husband, don't do anything in a great hurry. Don't you think of running on a boat to Russia. You know it is impossible and you would

do great harm to me and to yourself. Just wait patiently for my exit visa. I shall come to you, my sweet."

But she did not come. Erena had friends in Moscow. Mostly they were the wives of other British or American citizens, all waiting, like Erena. She was fond of one of these wives, a girl called Tamara. Then came a letter that first made me afraid for Erena.

September 30, 1946.—"...

Tamara has been taken to prison. I telephoned to her father and he was very rude to me, but he said that somebody came and took Tamara's letters. Isn't it awful, darling? And I am so afraid. It seems to me that I'll be taken, too."

November 15, 1946.—"Darling, I wish you luck when you go to the Soviet Embassy. Remember, be careful so that nothing may harm me."

I was careful when I went to the Soviet Embassy. I was careful and I was polite. They

were polite to me, too, and when I came out nothing had changed.

Then Erena wrote: December 6, 1946.—"My father upsets me by saying that I am being watched and probably I shall be arrested."

Then came a letter, telling me that a man had followed Erena one night coming home. He may just have been a prowler, but I remembered how Erena and I had always been followed in Moscow, and how

I sometimes lost my temper with these persistent shadows and turned on them, ordering them away. Now there was no one to do this for her.

February 13, 1947.—"I have discovered that some of the wives were refused their visas. It was a great shock to me. I hope that the Foreign Ministers' Conference in Moscow will do something about it. Darling, will you write to Mr. Bevin while he is here?"

I wrote to Mr. Bevin, and Erena told me that the waiting wives in Moscow were writing, too.

March 24, 1947.—"Darling, exciting news! A decree has been passed forbidding Soviet citizens to marry foreigners. Many people say that this decree will hasten our visas."

At the time I thought so, too. The decree seemed to me inexplicable and inhuman, but I believed that the Soviet Government would be glad to release those women who had already married foreigners. I was wrong.

I read that the Russians regarded any Soviet citizen who married a foreigner as a "traitor."

September 4, 1947.—"I am sorry I caused you so much worry because I have not written. I have been ill and I have spent a lot of money on doctors."

Continued on page 15

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(Kensitas taste better)



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(The best tobacco is bought for Kensitas)



MELLOW, GOOD-TASTING FOR GOOD SMOKING

KENSITAS — THAT'S GOOD VIRGINIA TOBACCO

A Russian wife's letters

Continued from page 13

● The Rickitts' had been married a year and Erena had not received an answer from the Soviet authorities to her application for an exit visa to leave Russia and join her husband in England. Her hope lasted through 1947, but in 1948 her application was refused. Increasing pressure to force her to divorce her husband climaxed in her kidnapping in October, 1951.

"I do not know what I shall do now because I have not got even a rouble. I wanted to die when I was ill."

"Perhaps it is only a rumor but it is good news to hear that prices will be lowered soon. Many new shops are opening and collective farmers bring vegetables and fruit from the villages."

"I hope with all my heart that there is to be sunshine for my people again. They are tired of hardships and it is wonderful to see a gradual improvement in our lives."

"I don't think English people suffered as much as we Russians during the war. People here tell me that it is wonderful to live in England, and that you have plenty of everything."

"That letter came after I had tried to tell Erena some of the difficulties of life in Britain. She sprang loyally, as always, in the defence of her country. She loved Moscow as I love London."

February 18, 1948.—"I have heard that one of the Russian wives is to divorce her husband. This will not be at all good for the rest of us. Darling, if you have to wait for me for a long time, will you still wait?"

I wrote, saying I would come to her somehow. Mine was a foolish suggestion. How does one visit Russia? You cannot go to Moscow as you might go to Manchester."

March 12, 1948.—"I'm glad. The other day I heard that your Government is forwarding the case of Russian wives to U.N.O."

It was hopeless to expect even the United Nations to get anywhere, and Erena's letters turned to other subjects—the child her sister-in-law Nadya was expecting, stories of her childhood in Orel. I sent her presents when I could.

April 20, 1948.—"What a joy to have the shoes you were able to send me. They are so wonderful that I sit and look at them."

July 23, 1948.—"A most terrible thing has happened. I was called to the office where we applied for a visa and I was told that my application had been refused, that I shall never receive a visa, nor will any of the wives of foreigners. All the American wives were told the same. Yet when I asked whether I could apply for a visa again in six months' time I was told I could."

"Some days later my mother received a postcard from the same office. She called there and an official advised her to persuade me to get a divorce. I went back to the office with my mother and for an hour and a half the official tried to persuade me to divorce you."

"Darling, have you heard that two wives of Englishmen have been arrested? Two American wives disappeared and two were charged with theft."

July 29, 1948.—"That man in the visa office told me that the authorities wanted to make me happy and that it was a mistake for me to have married you. I said that thousands of people met by chance as we did and are happy after they marry. I said I wanted to be as happy as other people, but by asking me to divorce you they would make me unhappy and you unhappy, too. He told me that he was sure I would be happy here in my country, and, as for you, I need not think how you felt. I told him it was a most cruel thing he was saying; it showed he did not care about other people's happiness. I said I would not divorce you. He said that if I changed my mind I need only go to him. But I am not going to change my mind."

August 6, 1948.—"Do you remember Dolly, or Vera, the blonde girl who worked on the telephone? She married an American just before the decree forbidding marriages to foreigners. Not very long ago she was arrested, and I don't know why. So you see they are taking girls one after the other."

August 24, 1948.—"Do not worry about me. So far they have not troubled me."

Official urges divorce

I wrote to U.N.O. I wrote everywhere, but letters seemed hopeless. I thought of two possible solutions, one simple and straightforward, the other difficult, and, of course, impossible, as she told me.

October 19, 1948.—"You can write to Mr. Stalin, but I do not know if it will help. But you may try all the same. His address is very simple: U.S.S.R., Moscow, Kremlin, Generalissimo Stalin."

"Don't dream of smuggling me from this country. It is impossible; your every step would be watched. Besides, there is a new regulation here. Foreigners are forbidden to travel more than 50 kilometres (approximately 31 miles) from Moscow, and they are not allowed to go to ten points within this radius. We must wait for the legal way."

I felt bitter and despairing. I felt more bitter as I read Erena's letters in the New Year.

January 28, 1949.—"Something terrible has happened to our family. My father has been discharged from his work as a schools' inspector because I am married to a foreigner. He flew into a rage, threatened me, and nearly killed me..."



WEDDING-DAY picture of William and Erena Rickitts. In letters to him after their enforced separation, Erena spoke wistfully of the baby her brother's wife was having and of the little frock and gold cross she would give at its christening.

The Embassy made her welcome; it was an asylum for her. Without the room they gave her she would have had only the streets, for no Russian would have given her shelter. Once more she made formal application for a visa.

Then the subtle pressure began again.

July 15, 1949.—"My mother has been away in the country. I missed her very much. While she was there police came to speak to my father, and asked him to make me come home so they could take me away. My father refused to do it. So, darling, they are after me all the time."

Her letters now became infrequent.

January 27, 1950.—"You remember Ganna, who is married to an American. Twice she has been taken to the militia office and advised to divorce her husband. She has been forbidden to go to the Embassy or to make any contact with foreigners. But she will not divorce her husband."

Very well, I wrote, I shall come to Russia. I shall come, anyhow, with or without a visa.

March 3, 1950.—"Darling! Don't attempt such a crazy thing as trying to cross the frontier without a visa. You would be stopped immediately and tried as a spy. I should never see you again."

Then in the spring of 1950 Ganna was imprisoned. Later, August 1, 1950.—"Thirteen days ago Lelya Burke disappeared. We waited for her the whole day and she did not come back. What is happening to her now we do not know."

Then I had what I believe was the last letter Erena wrote to me of her own free will.

September 15, 1951.—"I am so miserable. It is an awful thing to realise that everybody despises you, and they are even frightened to speak to me, as if I were an outcast."

The end came soon. I was called to the Foreign Office and shown a letter from our Charge d'Affaires in Moscow. On the night of October 16, 1951, my wife, Erena, had been kidnapped outside the

Bolshoi Theatre, forced into a car, and taken away. The member of the British Embassy staff who had been escorting her was shouldered aside.

Two days later Erena "reappeared." At her mother's flat she was interviewed by correspondents of Reuters, the United Press, and Agence France Presse. She was reported as saying: "I am now staying with my ailing mother and do not intend to return to the British Embassy."

At last two telegrams came to me from Russia, signed "Erena." They said she was safe, that she had not been abducted, that she was living with her mother. I wrote to her mother's address. I wrote several times a week.

Then came a registered letter through the usual mail. In it Erena seemed to suggest for the first time that I should join her in Moscow.

January 15, 1952.—"I miss you very much and wish you were with me. It sometimes seems to me that my fate intends me to live without you for the rest of my life. It is a dreadful and terrifying thought. Go to the Soviet Embassy in London and make inquiries there how everything can be arranged. I think they will give you a satisfactory answer. I only know that many foreigners live here happily."

I have had no reply to my application to become a Soviet citizen. In answer to my requests to let Erena come to Britain, Soviet officials in London told me they did not know whether she wanted to, as she had not applied for a visa.

This was untrue. She had applied repeatedly. Although I write twice a week, I have had no word from Erena since February. On March 18 British Embassy officials visited her in Moscow and she told them guardedly she was well and happy.

It is hard to know what the end of our story will be. But so strong has been Erena's courage and so powerful her ability to imbue me with faith and hope that it has been impossible to believe I shall never see her again. I shall. I know I shall.

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Housewives go to market to beat rising prices

● Many people who used to shop in their own suburbs now buy at city markets, where prices are lower. At 7 a.m., retail traders, early-bird housewives, and husbands doing the family shopping before breakfast are abroad, and business is brisk. Everything from fish to furbelows, cabbages to cacti,

and sausages to saucepans is for sale in the various sections of markets in all States.

Melbourne's Victoria Market, which covers 16 acres, the Central Market in Adelaide, and "Paddy's Market" in Sydney have been thronged as fruit and vegetable prices soared in shops.

NEW AUSTRALIANS
save housekeeping
money by shopping for
vegetables at the Friday
retail sales at Paddy's
Market, Sydney (left).



MRS. LILLIAN MAHER (left) and Mrs. M. Waters buy bunches of flowers for the week-end from pretty flower-seller Della Maimering at Paddy's Market. The flowers there, from expensive gladioli to marigolds, are half the price charged at florist shops.



MRS. P. SAIGMAN, of Punchbowl, N.S.W., pays 10/- for a Black Orpington fowl from poultry farmer Dick White, of Wetherill Park, N.S.W., at Paddy's Market. Poultry farmers are glad to sell direct to the public.



BALANCING THE BUDGET. Mrs. L. Anderson, a widow, stacks her week's supply of fruit, meat, and vegetables into a pram. She walks to the Victoria Market, Melbourne, every Friday. She says she couldn't balance her budget if she didn't buy there.



INDIANS from overseas ships barter for live fowls at the Sydney market. Their religion compels them to eat meat killed by their own countrymen, so all their food is taken on board alive to be killed in the traditional manner. They especially like fowls and goats, which are fried in goat's fat.



VERSATILE CHARACTER. Mr. Robert Kreymsborg, 65-year-old song writer and musician, plays the zither to attract customers to his odds and ends stall at the Victoria Market, Melbourne.



QUEENSLAND PINES. A housewife chooses pineapples on the pineapple floor at the Brisbane Markets. The pineapples are sorted into heaps according to the size and priced at so much per dozen. A half-dozen is the minimum quantity sold.



FATHER gives his little girl a ride while mother buys cheap, fresh vegetables in Sydney (above).

BUYERS at Mrs. R. Sparks' second-hand clothing stall at the Victoria Market, Melbourne (left).

FRUIT which delighted Adelaide housewives this summer is attractively displayed at the Central Market (right).



Stormy weather friends



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To one "Latitude" Jacket of proofed poplin add a zip-in, zip-out lining of rich, warm velveteen. That's what Casben did to give you this sportsman's dream! Doff the lining when the mercury climbs—it takes but seconds—zip it in when the cold winds blow! Many rare colours, all with contrast linings or minus lining altogether, in English weather-proof Ventile.

To be the target of many eyes, wear this Casual Jacket of bird-bright "Touchdown," by Bruck—the satiny, rain-chasing fabric that's Casben's alone! Shoulders are padded. Waist is nipped with elastic. Colours are heaven! (Casben does famous, free-'n'-easy "Latitude" Jackets for women, too, in either "Touchdown" or proofed Poplin.)



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Worth Reporting

FORMER woman's organiser for the Agricultural Bureau of N.S.W., Lorna Byrne, now Mrs. Hater, was one of the few Australians in London to see the Queen on her first public appearance, when on Maundy Thursday she distributed alms in Westminster Abbey.

"The Queen was met by the Dean of Westminster, who presented her and the Duke of Edinburgh with the traditional nosegays of sweet herbs," Mrs. Hater wrote in a letter.

"Wearing mourning, the Queen looked very young, and was a little pale. She made the presentations rather seriously, and seemed just a little relieved when it was all over."

"When the Queen and the Duke, carrying their nosegays and followed by Princess Marie Louise and the children of the Royal Almonry, left the Abbey, the Queen looked up at her husband with a radiant smile, which he returned with a beam of pleased encouragement."

"**APPESTAT**" is yet another word of American origin which, by its aptness, may force its way into our vocabulary. It has just been coined by Dr. Norman Wolfe, Director of New York City's Bureau of Food and Nutrition, and is his word for a person's appetite-regulating system.

He says that Queen Elizabeth had the willpower to control her appetat when she took off 16 pounds last year by keeping to a special diet.

Jug collectors to compete

A JUG the size of a thimble will be among the unusual jugs displayed in the competitive "Jug Afternoon" to be held by the Nurses' Social Club in their clubrooms at Centaur House, Brisbane, on June 12. There will be prizes for the biggest jug, the smallest jug, the most beautiful jug, the quaintest jug, musical jugs, and the jug which is most tastefully decorated with flowers.

BUYING a second-hand leather travelling case for 37/6, a Welsh shoemaker was able to cut up enough leather to heel and sole 14 pairs of boots and shoes. This amount of leather would normally have cost him about £8.

Woolly rhymes delight Londoners

ILLUSTRATED rhymes urging people to wear more wool have so captivated travellers in London's underground railways that many people are now submitting verse to the International Wool Secretariat, which issued the advertisement, our London office says.

The Foreign Office has asked for complete sets of the series which will be sent abroad as specimens of British humor.

Morrow, famous contributor to "Punch," wrote the verse in the series first issued.

Here are two examples: "When Louis Quinze (of wayward ways) Held forth at midnight in the maze,

Dubarry, bored to suffocation, At least maintained her circulation. Though nightly trapped in grose and grotto She caught no chills. She had a motto,

A simple faith, a working rule: There is NO substitute for wool."

Captain Bligh, sighting land after being three months adrift, cries:

"We owe salvation To pluck, to faultless navigation, To discipline, to lack of gin, And wearing wool against the skin."

Party manners in the North

THINGS might be a bit on the rough-and-ready side sometimes in the Northern Territory, but, when entertaining, Territorians like to do things properly. Rabbi Dr. R. Bratch, of the Temple Emanuel, Sydney, relates that, when on a recent visit there, a host courteously offered him the choice of powdered, condensed, or goat's milk in his tea.

How to dress a bride doll

WRITTEN specially to instruct and amuse sick, crippled, and outback children, "Here Comes the Bride," with its instructions for the dressing of an inexpensive doll, is an unusual needlework book that will give almost any little girl endless delight.

Flora-belle, the heroine, is an undressed doll who is bought at a chain-store by her grandmother for Minna, a small girl who is in hospital suffering from infantile paralysis.

The making of Flora-belle's trousseau and wedding dress by Minna and her grandmother during hospital visits provides the interest that helps Minna on the road to recovery.

The author, Alice M. Booth, is already known to many children throughout Australia, New Zealand, and Britain, where her earlier book, "Christine," has been used in a number of schools.

"Baroque is cosier," I maintain

SYDNEY artist Cedric Flower, who has been living in England for almost a year now, has had some unusual success in that for two weeks running he had honorable mention in the English magazine "New Statesman and Nation's" weekly literary competition.

The first was for a conversation between two Trafalgar Square pigeons. Cedric's entry as quoted was: "I never cared for Wren myself, Baroque is cosier, I maintain."

The second mention was for an extract from a Marriage Guidance Counsellor's advice to famous literary husbands and wives.

Cedric chose Shakespeare's Leontes and Hermione, of "The Winter's Tale," and had Leontes saying to his Hermione, "It might be advisable if you refrained from wearing quite such off-the-shoulder frocks when entertaining visiting royalty."

It's just six-thirty
Sol's climbing the hill
Jane's in her Bond's
And look—so's Jill!



What—up already—and looking so gay
In your Bond's Undies
What's happening today?

(Bond's children's vests, in white or peach matt-finish rayon. Frilly briefs, classic styles, too!)



Of course—I'd forgotten—
You're in the school-play...
Jill, pop your Bond's slip on
There, dear—that's the way!

(Bond's slips for children, in pink or white matt-finish rayon with big hems to let down.)



My—what a big day
You two imps have had...
Quick, into your Bond's nodd
And say "Goodnight" to Dad!

(Bond's pyjamas, in pink or white matt-rayon.)

Bond's
"Underlovelies"
for Children

Ask for them everywhere!

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

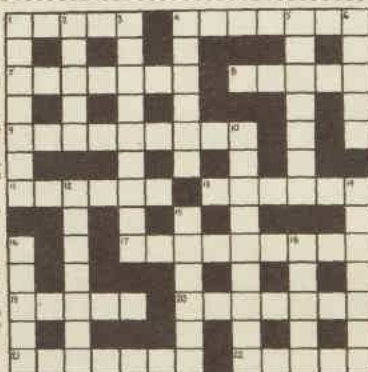
- Comb which makes a man dejected when he falls (5).
- More fleshy down-right life (7).
- French friend is lovable (7).
- Ascend perhaps on the leg which is attached to it (5).
- Valued too high in any case above the municipal dues (9).



Solution to last week's crossword

DOWN

- Jewish priest turns a drinking place to a receptacle (6).
- Spirit for a six-footer in a cavity of the body (6).
- Slighted Edward after a twisted leg in a twisted cent (9).
- Emblem of plan in a motet (5).
- Real star (knave) (7).
- Takes away, mainly a cut-up Mussolini in delirium tremens (7).
- Disgusting, perhaps because it ends in a dirty hovel (5).



Solution will be published next week

- Add no line (anagram) (9).
- Detained so late in bed (7).
- Unpretentiousness starting with thousand poems (7).
- Actors' managers are somewhat longer than a gentleman, yet shorter (6).
- Edward took a seat and is fully gratified.
- Chinese dollars (5).

Chocolate Cake

that melts in your mouth!

Make this recipe with Cadbury's Bournville Cocoa

CHOCOLATE FUDGE CAKE

... an economy cake with a luxury flavour
2 cupfuls (14 ozs.) castor sugar • 3 cupfuls (12 ozs.) self-raising flour
6 tablespoonfuls (2 ozs.) Bournville Cocoa • $\frac{1}{2}$ cupful boiling water
4 ozs. butter • 1 cupful (8 fluid ozs.) milk • 2 eggs

Combine sugar and sifted flour in mixing basin. Blend cocoa with hot water in saucepan. Add butter and melt. Cool and stir in milk and then beaten eggs. Stir liquid ingredients into flour and sugar, mixing thoroughly until smooth. Pour into two greased 8-in. sandwich tins. Bake in moderate oven for 25-30 minutes. When cold, frost with Fudge Frosting.

FUDGE FROSTING

6 tablespoonfuls (2 ozs.) Bournville Cocoa, 1 cupful (8 fluid ozs.) milk, $\frac{1}{4}$ cupfuls (9 ozs.) brown sugar, 1 oz. butter, 1 teaspoonful Vanilla, pinch of salt.
Dissolve cocoa in milk over low heat.

Add sugar and salt, stir well, cover and boil two minutes. Remove cover and boil until mixture forms a soft ball when tested in cold water. Add butter and vanilla. Cool slightly and beat until thick. Spread over cake immediately.



No cooking is needed to make these delicious

Chocolate Crackles

5 ozs. Kellogg's Rice Bubbles (4 cups), $2\frac{1}{2}$ ozs. fine coconut (1 cup), 8 ozs. icing sugar, $2\frac{1}{4}$ ozs. Bournville Cocoa, 8 ozs. copha.

Stir dry ingredients together, melt copha and pour over them. Mix thoroughly, spoon into paper cup containers and allow to set. The above quantity of ingredients makes from 24 to 3 dozen Chocolate Crackles.



FOR DRINKING . . . FOR COOKING . . . ALWAYS USE

CADBURY'S BOURNVILLE COCOA

..the cocoa with the real chocolaty flavour!

Attractive Hostess
of Pan American
World Airways.

Ricky Atwood



**CREST
HOME PERMANENT**
IS THE ONLY PERM
WHICH GIVES ME A REALLY
NATURAL-LOOKING WAVE.
IT LEAVES MY HAIR SO
SOFT AND SHINING



When you board a clipper to San Francisco . . . to Rio . . . to Hawaii . . . there's a girl in Tunis-blue with a golden half-wing badge to watch your comfort half across the world.

Pan American hostesses are chosen for their charm, beauty and intelligence — and Pan-American hostesses choose Crest as the World's loveliest permanent.

WHY MORE AND MORE WOMEN ARE TURNING TO CREST

Crest has an exclusive waving lotion which is kinder to the hair than other waving lotions. Its gentle action leaves hair soft, shining and conditioned . . . never dry and frizzy.

Crest Home Permanent was specially developed for Australian conditions. Days spent out of doors won't spoil the natural beauty of your Crest.

Crest gives you a self-setting perm. You can forget about the tiresome bobby-pin routine at bedtime.

Crest is so easy to use that success is assured. And a Crest perm will last till the day it's cut off.

CREST FULL KIT 24/9
REFILL (Full Head) 15/-
JUNIOR KIT 10/9
(the only Junior Kit complete with curlers)

At all Chemists and leading
Departmental Stores

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

Should your Crest Home Permanent Wave Kit not live up to the claims made for it in this advertisement, the purchase price will be readily refunded. Simply write, supplying details and enclosing the empty box to Crest Advisory Bureau, Box 4100, G.P.O., Sydney.

21/3/52

C37.WW141g

Coral Sea Ball

GUESTS OF HONOR
at the Coral Sea Victory Ball at Prince's were Lieutenant-General and Mrs. Robert L. Eichelberger. The General was invited by the Australian Government and the Australian-American Association for Coral Sea Week.

WARTIME LEADER Lieutenant-General Robert L. Eichelberger talks to Mrs. Reggie Gaskell, who wears a lei of white Pihaki flowers from Honolulu with her pale blue organza gown.



AT SUPPER. Mrs. Robert L. Eichelberger (centre) has supper with Mrs. W. J. Smith and Mr. E. K. White, federal president of the Australian-American Association.



ATTRACTIVE Carol Forbes, who wore a gown of fluffy shell-pink tulle, dances with Trevor Rowe.

DANCING. Mrs. Maurice Samuels dances with Mr. W. J. Smith. Official guests at the ball were welcomed by Mrs. Frank Packer, president of the ball committee.



ELEGANT Mrs. Lennox Bode, in pale grey satin, and her husband were among the 300 guests. Australian Service chiefs did not attend because of Court mourning.

DRAPED FLAGS of Australia and America form a background for Mrs. Neville Manning and Peter Malcolm Reid. Mrs. Manning's gown was of black taffeta.

CREST... THE CHOICE OF PAN AMERICAN HOSTESSES



WEDDING ANNIVERSARY PARTY. Geoffrey Keighley (third from right) and his English wife, formerly Olivia Lubbock (second from left), were guests of honor at a party given by his mother, Mrs. A. W. Keighley (third from left), at Prince's to celebrate their first wedding anniversary and their recent arrival in Sydney from London. Also in the party are visitor from London Bridget Green (left), Mrs. Sylvia Quist, and Malcolm Hardwick.



BALL AT CRANBROOK. Quartet at the Old Cranbrookians' annual ball were Michael Hall Best (left), Joan Payne, John Sweeney, and Paula Denyer. Guests at the ball, proceeds from which will go to the School War Memorial Fund, were received by the president of the Old Cranbrookians' Association, Mr. W. H. Wiseman, and Mrs. Wiseman.

Social Greetings

IT will be an exciting time for Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Gissing, of Wagga, when they attend the International Rotary Conference at Mexico City, U.S.A., on May 25, and also meet their daughter Judith.

Judith will fly from London and act as her father's secretary during their tour of America. Judith has been in England for 12 months, sharing a flat in Hampstead with Annette Scott, of Wagga.

Other Rotarians to attend the conference will be Mr. and Mrs. Frank

McDowell, of Cronulla, and Mr. Frank Delandro, who is governor-elect of 29th district, and his wife.

The Gissings will go on to England to meet their son, George, and his bride, who sailed for England soon after their marriage in Sydney early this year. George is studying television in England.

DAYS cannot fly past quickly enough for Mrs. C. H. Hodgkinson, of Rose Bay, who is eagerly awaiting the arrival of her daughter, Mrs. David Page, and her only grandchild, 11-month-old Carolyn, from the United States early in June. Mrs. Hodgkinson has not seen Diana since 1947, when she married Colonel Page, in San Francisco. Colonel Page, who was awarded the O.B.E. last year, is stationed at the Pentagon, in Washington, and he, Diana, and baby Carolyn have a home at Alexandria, Virginia. Diana, who before her marriage was vice-consul at the Australian Consulate in San Francisco, will spend three months here renewing lots of old friendships before returning home.

SIGNING THE REGISTER. Harry Brewin and his bride, formerly Jill McCormick, of Lindfield, at St. Thomas', N. Sydney.



AT COCKTAIL PARTY. Host and hostess Mr. and Mrs. Murray Cooper welcome Mrs. K. A. Cameron (right) to the party they gave at the Australia Hotel for overseas and interstate visitors to the annual conference of the Institution of Engineers, Australia.



NOVEMBER WEDDING is planned by Barbara Guthrey, of Drummoyno, and her fiancé, Donald McLachlan, of Cremorne.



DOCTOR WEDS. Dr. Bruce Gibson, son of Dr. and Mrs. D. D. Gibson, of Mullumbimby, and his bride, formerly Nanette Potts, at St. Michael's, Wollongong.



VISITING London are Mr. and Mrs. Ben Fuller, whose daughter Patricia has announced her engagement in London to Dr. D'Arcy Ryan, son of Mrs. Douglas Wilson, of Ebor, and the late Mr. D. V. Ryan. Schoolgirl daughter Virginia, who has been at Frensham, has gone with them to attend a finishing school in Switzerland for a year. As the Fullers' other daughter, Diane, has a job in London with the United Nations, they will all be there for Patricia's wedding in London later this year.

ELECTRIC CANDLES light the ends of pews as Gordon Jaques and his bride, formerly Jill Corner, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Lance Corner, of Vaucluse, walk down the aisle at St. Mark's.

LAKE CARGELLIGO will be the new address of the Rev. Basil Thomas and his bride, formerly Yolande Paterson, of Mosman. Yolande and Basil were married recently at St. Clement's, Mosman. They are touring the North Coast on their honeymoon.

A HONEYMOON in the Queensland sunshine at Heron Island followed the marriage at St. Mark's, Darling Point, of Elspeth Trotter, youngest daughter of Dr. Clark Trotter, of Chislehurst, Kent, and William van Holst Pellekaan, of The Hague, Holland. Elspeth migrated to Australia three years ago, and her husband came from Djakarta. They will live at Chatswood.

FRIENDS of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Krieg will welcome the news that they are back in Sydney again for at least six months, after eight years' stay in Darwin. The Kriegs motored down from Darwin with their two small girls, Kerrie and Jillian, stopping off at Warooka, South Australia, on the way through to visit Mr. Krieg's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Krieg. For the time being they are setting up house in a flat in the West Ryde home of Mrs. Krieg's parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Roberts.

TWO well-known pastoral families were united by the marriage at Broken Hill of Janet Campbell and John Withers. Janet is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Anderson, of Ascot Vale station, via Broken Hill, and her husband is the second son of Mr. and Mrs. B. S. Withers, of Woodlands station, Wentworth, N.S.W. Janet's grandfather was the late Mr. George Anderson, of Belmore station, and John's grandfather is Mr. A. R. Withers, who now resides at Ridge Park, Adelaide.

ENGAGEMENT of interstate interest in Brisbane last week-end was that of ballerina Phyllis Kennedy, who is a soloist with the Borovansky Company, and Walter O'Donoghue, of Ascot, Brisbane, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. O'Donoghue, of Clovelly. Phyllis is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Kennedy, of Moonee Ponds, Victoria.

Anne

Hot - it says



and Hot it is!

**Oceans of steaming Hot Water
at all taps at all times thanks to**

GAS

Day and night, your Gas Hot Water Service automatically uses the least amount of Gas to ensure a *continuous* supply of steaming Hot Water — to all taps, at all times! As Hot Water is drawn off, the incoming cold water is heated automatically. *Quicker recovery—constant supply and lasting satisfaction is thereby ensured.* There is a Gas Hot Water Service designed especially for the needs of your home. You'll find it modern, efficient and reliable. Enquire at your Gas Showroom — today!

GAS
for the **4**
BIG JOBS

- ✓ Automatic **COOKING**
- ✓ Silent **REFRIGERATION**
- ✓ Instant **HOT WATER**
- ✓ Healthful **HEATING**

THE NATIONAL GAS ASSOCIATION OF AUSTRALIA

Some of my patients...

Penicillin can cause trouble . . . immunisation and polio

Mrs. Smyth brought Jill and Wendy to see me to-day.

EVERY scratch they get festers, doctor," she said. "I've been putting on some penicillin cream I got from the chemist, which seems to have been doing some good, but they are still getting fresh sores."

Before she married, Mrs. Smyth was a nurse and a very sensible girl.

While I looked at the children, she went on:

"Fortunately, the children aren't sensitive to penicillin like a lad who lives near us. He collapsed after a penicillin injection a few days ago, and is still having treatment."

"Well, Mrs. Smyth, I feel I can talk plainly to you," I said.

"If your children aren't sensitive to penicillin, you're doing your best to make them so."

"Never use sulpha drugs or penicillin on the skin. Sulpha drugs may cause a rash which may last for years, and penicillin in the form of cream

should never be used unless under expert advice."

"I wonder if my neighbor's son has ever used penicillin cream," said Mrs. Smyth.

"Maybe not. He may be sensitive to it primarily. He may have had penicillin before and developed an itchy skin condition with large weals—what we call giant urticaria."

"He may even have athlete's foot, known as **BY A DOCTOR** a time, which is a fungus or mould even as penicillin is a mould. We now think it may act as a sensitising agent for the penicillin."

"Anyway, don't put any more of this cream on the children's sores. If you apply any drug to the skin, you run a greater risk of making a person sensitive to the drug than if you use it in any other way."

"Jill and Wendy have impetigo. I'll order a well-ried treatment to remove the scab and use an antiseptic locally. In the meantime, keep them home from school."

"I think Jill caught this at school," said Mrs. Smyth. "I noticed a few of the chil-

dren had sores. It's very contagious, isn't it?"

"My word it is, Mrs. Smyth. Do you remember a couple of years ago so many children had impetigo at one school that the children with it were allowed to go to school and the healthy ones had to stay at home?"

"Don't treat impetigo lightly. We now know it's the cause of a number of children developing kidney disease."

The new antibiotics have saved many lives, but they can be a menace, and certainly are when used indiscriminately.

Jill and Wendy may not be sensitive now, but one never knows when they may become so. And who knows? Some day one of them may develop acute mastoid or some other serious disease, and it may be necessary to give penicillin to save her life.

"I SEE the immunisation campaign against diphtheria is in full swing," said my secretary this morning.

"I suppose that's why Mrs.

James wants to bring her baby to be immunised."

"It's about time for him to be done," I remarked. "He must be six months old. But has he had his whooping-cough injections yet?"

"Mrs. James asked me if he would be having his whooping-cough injections at the same time, but I told her I felt sure you didn't do both together, but she could speak to you about it."

When Mrs. James arrived she seemed rather disturbed.

"Doctor, I suppose it is all right for a baby to have three injections?" she asked. "My husband is nervous and said to ask you, as he had read some time ago that it increased the risk of poliomyelitis."

"Well, yes," I said. "We do think there are a few cases in which the disease would not have been obvious but for the injection, and which afterwards showed its effects in the arm."

"We do know, however, that whooping-cough is a dangerous disease in young babies, and the younger they are the worse it is."

"The risk from whooping-cough is much greater than from infantile paralysis, and the epidemic of infantile paralysis has died down now, anyway."

"The baby can have his diphtheria immunisation later, but he should have his whooping-cough injections now."

When the baby had had his injections, Mrs. James asked me about her sister-in-law, who is eight months pregnant.

"She wants to know whether it would help the baby later if she were immunised against diphtheria now," said Mrs. James.

"No, Mrs. James, that wouldn't be any added benefit to the baby," I told her. "It would be rather the reverse."

"The immunisation of a baby from its mother is a strange thing."

"For instance, if your sister-in-law were to get diphtheria before her baby was born and have anti-toxin, the anti-toxin would not help the baby at all. It might still catch diphtheria from her and need anti-toxin also."

"Well, doctor, I think we'll leave well alone. Luckily, my baby has been very healthy, perhaps because he is breast fed," said Mrs. James with satisfaction.

"I'm sorry to disappoint you there," I said.

"Breast-fed babies have many advantages, psychological as well as physical, but immunity to these diseases is not among them."

The immunity which the human young has is obtained from and manufactured by its mother while she is still carrying it.

All names are fictitious and do not refer to any living person.

"Misery" Martin is a happy man

From our London office

Herbert Henry Martin is proud of the nickname "Misery" given to him while he was secretary of the British Lord's Day Observance Society. He has just retired from this post after nearly 27 years of campaigning for the strict observance of Sunday as a day of rest and worship.

AS "Misery" Martin, he has long been a public figure in Britain and is known also in Europe.

A man with a sense of humor, 70-year-old Mr. Martin has listed some of the other names the Press and public have called him.

These include bigot, blue-nose, busybody, crank, dictator, dismal Jimmy, fanatic, Grundy, kill-joy, Nosy Parker, prude, tyrant, puritan, and wower.

"But 'Misery' is the name that has stuck," he said. "The first year I was called 'Misery' it was such an advertisement for our work that the society's income went up by £6000."

"I am also proud that I have been 'His Majesty's guest' on two occasions. The first was when, as a young man, I went to gaol rather than pay a fine, as a matter of principle. I had been preaching on Thornbury Plain, in Gloucestershire, and was alleged to have obstructed the traffic."

"I spent my time in gaol

picking oakum and singing hymns, and I can say truthfully those three days were some of the happiest in my life."

"The second occasion on which I was His Majesty's guest was years later when I was invited to a garden party at Buckingham Palace."

Mr. Martin, who is a member of the Church of England, was born at Norwich, Norfolk.

He has been an evangelist and preacher all his life and began his career as a speaker in a debating club at the age of 14.

He often made speeches for the Lord's Day Observance Society before he was asked to take the post of secretary."

He said the society, which has its headquarters in Fleet Street, London, was founded in 1831. It had made wonderful progress in the past 20 years, and its income, all in voluntary subscriptions, was now £33,000 a year.

It had been successful in campaigns to stop horse and dog races and prize fights in Britain on Sundays.



"Misery" Martin

On one of his trips to Europe he visited Paris, and on his return to London published an article attacking the Continental Sunday, with its horse races, cafe life, and atmosphere of a gala day.

As a result of this article, one of the readers left the society a legacy of £25,000.

Mr. Martin calls this "the most highly remunerative piece of journalism I have ever heard of."

Although he has retired, Mr. Martin will continue his work for the society.

"The devil will find I am still on his tracks," he said.

"Although I am called 'Misery,' I don't know what it is to be depressed," he said. "And I don't mind being called names. It is better to be attacked than un-noticed."

Doctors Prove Palmolive Soap

can bring YOU . . .
a lovelier complexion
in 14 days!



You too CAN LOOK FOR THESE COMPLEXION IMPROVEMENTS IN 14 DAYS

- ♥ Fresher, brighter complexion!
- ♥ Less oiliness!
- ♥ Added softness and smoothness!
- ♥ Fewer tiny blemishes—incipient blackheads!
- ♥ Complexion clearer, more radiant!

Not just a promise but a proved plan!

THIS IS ALL YOU DO: Wash your face with Palmolive soap. Then, for 60 seconds, massage your clean face with Palmolive's soft, lovely lather. Rinse! Do this twice a day for 14 days. This cleansing massage will bring your skin Palmolive's full beautifying effect. Begin it to-day!

Regular size.
Economy Bath Size.



PI/161

"FOR DIGESTIVE UPSETS
QUICK-EZE are wonderful!"
—says Pat Woodley (Miss N.S.W.)



Beautiful Pat Woodley, busy model and chosen as Miss New South Wales, says:

"All too often the nervous strains of modelling upset one's digestion. That's why I carry a handy pack of Quick-Eze in my purse. Quick-Eze are wonderful—pleasant to take and they act so quickly."



The proved prescription for the quickest possible relief from:

INDIGESTION, HEARTBURN,
DYSPEPSIA, FLATULENCE,
ACID & NERVOUS STOMACH

IN THE HANDIEST OF PACKS!

QUICK-EZE for INDIGESTION!

QT/2



BARBARA STANWYCK
Famous Hollywood Star.

Max Factor Hollywood

MANUFACTURED IN SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA

Pan-Cake*

... thrilling original cake make-up that gives your complexion a soft, alluring velvet finish.



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... exciting new cream-base make-up that gives your complexion a lovely, natural satin finish.

★ Max Factor Hollywood offers two wonderful fashions to bring you exciting new beauty instantly... Pan-Cake to give an exciting velvet-finish glamour to your complexion, Pan-Stik to leave satin-finish loveliness. Like Hollywood's stars, you'll want Pan-Cake for certain occasions... Pan-Stik for others. Like Hollywood's leading stars you'll look your loveliest when you wear either. Try them to-day.

* Pan-Cake (trademark) means Max Factor Hollywood Cake Make-Up.

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AT LEADING CHEMISTS AND DEPARTMENT STORES

MF-50.16



Over 40?

Life can be fine after forty!

Life can be fine after forty if you can keep your energy, high spirits and a sound digestion. Don't let the years get you down! If you think you are beginning to feel your age, start taking Phyllosan tablets to-day! If you take Phyllosan tablets regularly, you will soon begin to find that your nerves are steadier, your appetite and digestion are improving, and your energy and capacity for enjoyment of life steadily increasing.

PHYLLOSAN
fortifies the over-forties

PHY/50.16
Page 24

ANNABELLE



"The late edition? Oh, let's see what won the last race!"

BUTCH



"So many people are lockin' 'em, there just wasn't any choice of get-away cars."

It seems to me

"SEEN any flying saucers lately?" is now a popular greeting in New South Wales.

Flying saucers, which first appeared in American skies five years ago, had just about lost their news value until the arrival of the recent crop in the sky of New South Wales.

Strictly speaking, the objects seen over Sydney should be called "flying cigars." Cigars were far and away the most popular shape sighted.

However, the term flying saucer has entered the language. In another 50 years a dictionary note will probably read: SAUCER. Any object in sky other than scheduled airliner. Also, shallow dish.

A MAN I know is particularly happy about the new flying saucers because they have given him a chance to practise his favorite hobby—taking any rich and strange tales that come his way and embroidering them even more richly and strangely before passing them on.

Whenever anybody tells him anything sensational, a speculative gleam comes into his eye. "It would be even better," he says thoughtfully, "if—let me see—" Then, after a few minutes' thought, he reaches for the telephone and plants his latest fantasy in fertile ground.

He is at present spreading the story of having seen a flying torch, a cylindrical object with one huge headlight, travelling at high speed in an easterly direction. He thinks that any day now several other people will see it.

To warn him of the possible consequences of this sort of thing, I lent him the other day a book that deserves to be better known, "Miss Hargreaves," by Frank Baker.

It is about two boys who invent an old lady. To their dismay she comes true, and causes a fine lot of bother, too.

IF you learned business terms at school, things like E. and O.E. and F.O.B. and what not, you'll be interested in the latest addition to that language.

It comes from a move, which I mentioned a while back, to change the system of issuing accounts from department stores. Instead of closing all accounts on the last day of the month, some shops now stagger the closing days, using an alphabetical system.

Recently one of the shops whose shareholders I help to sleep peacefully at nights sent me a letter to say that its accounts department had adopted the new system.

They call it "descriptive cycle billing."

THERE is a peculiar variation in the outlook on queueing.

Some people think it perfectly okay to queue for biscuits, but regard those who queue for Australian cigarettes as beneath contempt.

In a Sydney arcade you can see during most lunch-hours two small queues side by side. One is for a pastry shop, the other for a weighing machine. I do not think it is merely fancy that glances of scorn are exchanged by the two lines of people.

By



Dorothy Drain

I CAN'T say that I am optimistic about the prospects of the International Society of Humorists, recently formed in Italy.

The society has a French president, Gabriel Perreux, and an English vice-president, Ian Peterson. It has sent a cable to the United Nations Educational, Scientific, and Cultural Organisation expressing the hope that "the world may unite in smiles."

No further details are available, but it is impossible not to have some misgivings.

One fears that anyone joining an international society of humorists might be lacking in humor. It would be all too easy for the society to fall into the error of banning all jokes about Englishmen, Scotsmen, Irishmen, Jews, Frenchmen, Eskimos, and Russians. This would remove about half the jokes in the world right away.

Besides, most of the best jokes have a basis of unkindness, which suggests that humorists may not be the ideal people to encourage amity between nations.

THREE years ago I ran a paragraph mentioning one of the minor trials of housekeeping—the fact that washing blue no longer came in little bags.

Several readers wrote to me about it. Some suggested ways of avoiding the use of a bag. Two sent me crocheted blue-bags. A spokesman for a firm of blue manufacturers rang to say that they wished that they could restore the calico bags but that the shortage of material and labor made it impossible at that time.

Last week, out of the blue (sorry, couldn't resist it), the same voice was on the line. Did I remember the paragraph? Well, perhaps I would be interested in the big news. Blue-bags are back.

That is, they are either back or about to come back in all States except Tasmania and South Australia, where, according to my informant, the ladies have never cared much about bag blue, anyway.

One sad note, though: Nothing is ever quite the same again. Since the bag blue now costs 1½d. more than the paper blue, the two kinds will be on sale in most shops.

SO many strange inventions man has made:

Such terrifying weapons, till the mind Refuses to encompass them, afraid Of what imagination still may find.

And yet I sometimes think that worst to bear

Of all devices that beset the race (Especially round about this time of year)

Is the alarm clock with its vacuous face And sudden, ruthless, shrill, relentless scream,

Shattering a winter morning's peaceful dream.

You can rest content



that NILE

Erin-Art

SHEETS

AND PILLOWCASES

are the finest you can buy!

Erin Art sheets, manufactured from famous Super English sheeting, are either hemstitched or scalloped. Erin Art pillowcases are hemstitched, embroidered or in plain housewife style. All are reasonably priced and retain their texture and whiteness after constant laundering.

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134 Broadway, Sydney

All Silver needs weekly Silvo care...



Only when your silverware is gleaming does it reflect your pride in your home. To keep silver shining beautifully is no task at all when you use liquid Silvo, the quickest and safest Silver polish. Use Silvo straight from the tin. It does not harm the delicate surface of silver.

Silvo
LIQUID SILVER POLISH

So warm...



... so soft ...

... so everlasting ...

Laconia

Pure Lambs Wool

BLANKETS

MAKE *Goodnight* A CERTAINTY



Terry Dear

Director of Australia's
Amateur Hour says

"Small's Club Chocolate

has so much S-N-A-P it should be
on Australia's Amateur Hour"

This is the sort of chocolate a man wants!
It's not-so-sweet. Straight-out chocolate...
and the very best of chocolate... all the
way through.
Remember you can enjoy four types of
Small's Club Chocolate...

- | | |
|--------------------|-------------------|
| (1) PLAIN | (3) WITH ALMONDS |
| (2) RAISIN AND NUT | (4) FRUIT AND NUT |

The louder the snap the
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TABLE MARGARINE

MAKES
MASHED
POTATOES!

DRESS SENSE By Betty Keep

Buttons for daytime clothes are
a popular winter trim. This
fashion item answers the reader
whose letter appears below. She
asked for a design and paper pat-
tern for a going-away suit.

"I AM being married in July,
and am looking for a de-
sign and paper pattern for my
going-away suit. I want some-
thing tailored but a little dif-
ferent from the same old
tailored suit. I am 28 and
buy a 36in. paper pattern."

The design for your going-
away suit is illustrated at right.
The suit is tailored, but is not
the conventional type of classic
tailoring. Both jacket and skirt
have enough buttons to be
listed as a trim. The jacket
waistline is nipped, the skirt
slender. For the material I
suggest charcoal-grey worsted
or a deep caramel-brown wor-
sted. A paper pattern is ob-
tainable in sizes 32 to 38in.
bust, priced at 4/6. The panel
on this page will show you
where and how to order.

For tennis

"WOULD you suggest a ten-
nis outfit for my 15-year-
old daughter? At present she
wears a pair of shorts and a
shirt, but they always look un-
tidy."

Teddy Tinning, famous de-
signer of active sports clothes,
recently designed a one-piece
garment for tennis which
would be excellent for a teen-
ager. The garment looks
rather like a child's romper
suit, has elasticised waistband
and legbands, and is buttoned
up the front to a neat, sleeve-
less, shirt-waist bodice.

Quilted cotton

"WOULD you suggest a
pretty winter skirt suit-
able for a teenager to wear to
parties with a black sweater? I
am very fair and rather thin."



TWO-PIECE SUIT, sizes
32 to 38in. bust. Requires
3yds. 54in. or 5yds. 36in.
material. Pattern price,
4/6.

You could have a printed
cotton quilted skirt cut in a
full circle and lined with plain
jersey, or a skirt cut with a
four-gore flare and made in
black velveteen with applique
of circles in two vivid colors.
For the applique use heavy
linen.

DRESS SENSE PATTERNS

WHEN ordering a
paper pattern for
the design illustrated,
address your letter to
Mrs. Betty Keep,
"Dress Sense," The
Australian Women's
Weekly, Box 4088,
G.P.O., Sydney.

Enclose the illustra-
tion of the design and
4/6, cost of pattern.

BE SURE TO GIVE
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CLUDING THE STATE
YOU LIVE IN, AND
ALSO SUPPLY SIZE.

I will be glad to ad-
vise you in my column
on any fashion prob-
lem.

Suit design

"I HAVE some fine
woollen material for
a suit, but do not know
what style would be suitable.
Would you please advise me?"

My suggestion is an all-
round knife-pleated skirt and
hip-length belted jacket. The
jacket repeats the skirt pleats
with a group at the centre-back
of the jacket. These pleats
spring from a shoulder yoke
and reach the belted waistline.
Have the jacket finished with
a soft shoulder-line and high-
placed smallish revers.

Checked or plain

"LAST year I bought 3yds.
of 54in. navy wool and
2yds. of a tiny check in navy
and white. I would like to
use both lengths in whatever
combination you suggest."

My suggestion is a two-
skirted suit, one skirt slender
and one wide. Have the jacket
of the suit in plain wool match-
ing the slender skirt, and use
the check for the contrasting
wide skirt. Have the jacket
fitted and trimmed with a band
of the check to outline the
sleeve cuffs and curved pockets.

Fashion FROCKS

Ready to wear or cut out
ready to make

"GLORIA."—A long-sleeved blouse
styled with a peaked collar and pin-
tucked lace-trimmed front. The
material is rayon crepe-de-chine, ob-
tainable in white, sky-blue, and pink.
Ready To Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in.
bust, 44/6; 36 and 38in. bust, 46/11.
Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in.
bust, 33/9; 36 and 38in. bust, 35/6.
Postage and registration, 1/8 extra.

"STEPHANIE."—A smart skirt with
pocket and button trim is obtainable
in black barathra wool.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 24½, 26, and
28in. waist, 77/9; 30 and 32in. waist,
79/11.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 24½, 26, and
28in. waist, 61/6; 30 and 32in. waist,
63/3. Postage and registration, 3/3
extra.

"BRENDA."—Topper coat with a
chic swinging silhouette. The ma-
terial is plain wool, obtainable in red,
light brown, and beige.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in.
bust, 82/6; 36 and 38in. bust, 86/3;
Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in.
bust, 67/6; 36 and 38in. bust, 69/11.
Postage and registration, 3/3 extra.



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ordering by mail, send to
address given on page 50.

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The new trend in crackers

Less noise now on Empire Night

By SHEILA PATRICK, staff reporter

There will be more sparks, stars, and balls of fire than noise on Empire Night (May 24) this year.

Experts say that pretty, spectacular fireworks are the fashion for 1952. Bungers and explosive crackers are not popular and basket bombs are not being made at all.

WHEN I went to a city shop to see what people are buying in the way of crackers I took my pals Steve Wood and Barclay Wade with me. Steve is 11 years old, Barclay eight.

Their eyes popped out when the fireworks expert brought a large box — £5 worth — and dumped the contents on to the counter.

"There are enough there to last two people two hours," he said as the lads began to sort them out.

Both boys went for the rockets, and, armed with a handful each, they began picking out the mysterious-looking packets, mainly red, gold, blue, or orange and labelled with names like Kow Mun Ling — Crackers, Hong Kong.

"Bungers are not so much in demand to-day, and basket bombs are too dangerous," the expert said.

The pretty, showy crackers are made in England. The Chinese specialise in making the ones that go bang.

I was glad to see at least a few old friends.

Roman candles, large and small, were there in abundance, and Catherine wheels (now called whizz wheels), golden rain, and jumping jacks.

The very latest is the animated Roman candle, which has a few extra pence but is filled with balls of colored fire and stars and red rain.

"Mine of Serpents" was new to me, as was an evil-looking

"Black Devil," which was Chinese and had printed boldly along the black wrapping the ominous instruction: "Do not hold in hand after lighting."

Biggest disappointment was in the size of the flower pots. I can remember them as the highlight of our cracker night. Father always lit them and I am sure they were much larger than the insignificant-looking little yellow and blue affairs offering to-day.

But all the fireworks seemed much smaller. Perhaps time and memory play tricks and crackers seem bigger to little children.

Sky rockets are most popular this year, the expert at the shop told us. They are priced at 7d. and 10d., and for 1/3 a special kind with animated stars of different colors can be bought.

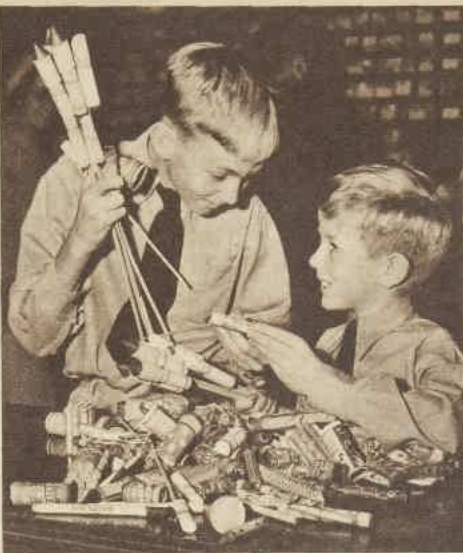
"There's nothing much here for threepence," Barclay muttered, poring over the "Mt. Vesuvius," silver fountains, and wicked-looking bundles of fat, red bungers.

"I've got only 1/7 saved up so far," he added, frowning a little and clutching five or six expensive rockets lovingly.

The expert told us that rockets should be stood in a bottle for lighting.

"When lighting any type of fireworks, never bend over them, because if they go off too quickly they may injure your face," he said.

"Not that they're dangerous," he added hastily, putting a handful of black devils



CHOOSING the crackers they would like to have is an enthralling task for Steve Wood and Barclay Wade.

back into the box, "but it is as well to take care."

"Fireworks with the blue touch paper are slower to go off."

"Bungers with wicks are quicker and should be thrown away immediately they are lit," he warned.

"If the crackers do not go off at once, wait a while before picking them up to re-light them."

"Keep your face away." That phrase brought back our cracker nights at home. We kids never even got a chance to get our faces near the best ones.

Sparklers were about the most exciting things we were allowed to hold, while father and numerous uncles and the fathers of kids who had come to our bonfire let off the rockets, flower pots, and more thrilling sorts.

There was always trouble with our fox terrier, Sammy, who howled miserably if locked up, but sang his whistles biting bungers if he were allowed to join in the party.

And I'm rather glad basket bombs are not made any more.

Although I pretended they were fun, I really did get an awful fright when they went off, apparently shaking the whole neighborhood.

A secret I have kept for many years is that, in spite of the big bonfire, expensive bags of crackers, and staying up late, the best fun was always on the next morning.

The grown-ups would still be asleep when we crept out to search in the long, wet grass for fizzlers (crackers which had not gone off).

Lighting them all alone, unaccompanied by "hold it away from your face; be careful; throw it away quickly; don't touch it yet," had a thrill never to be equalled.

Getting back to the present, the expert told us that bonfires were not safe in small back-yards.

"It's a good idea for children to club together, collect garden rubbish for their bonfire, and build it in the open somewhere," he said.

"The bonfires are best made from brush and should be built on vacant land or on an open space."

Deputy Chief Officer G. H. Gilmour, of the N.S.W. Fire Board, also gave some hints for letting off crackers and building bonfires.

"All fireworks, dead or alive, are a serious fire hazard," he said.

Sky rockets should be directed so they come down in an open space and not on verandahs or roofs of neighboring houses.

"Innocent-looking crackers in bundles should be set off a few at a time, not by the bundle," he said.

About bonfires, he advises:

- Adults should supervise all bonfires.
- No bonfire should exceed six feet in height or be more than 10 feet wide.
- Bonfires should be at least 15 feet from a fence.
- Children should not be allowed to run round carrying lighted branches.
- Have buckets of water, a garden hose, or a stirrup-pump handy.

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Rory Hordern's Paris Notes

● Balenciaga's large triangular fringed shawl, right, to wear as a bed-jacket or to complement at-home clothes.

ELEGANCE and comfort are combined in the Paris-designed models shown on these pages. The underwear is light and airy. The house-ropes show the newest silhouettes and colors.



● Warmth and glamor are combined in Dior's thick wool dressing-gown, above. The silhouette has straight loose lines. Twin pockets trim the skirt.



● Short-cut bed-cape, above, by Jacques Fath. The model can be made in Swiss lace or hand-knitted in fine wool. It ties at the neckline with a ribbon bow.



● Balenciaga's harem-trouser silhouette, above, is covered by a dramatic full-skirted housecoat with tiny waist, scarflike collar.

● Housegown designed on full, gracefully flowing lines, left, by Pierre Balmain. The robe is crimson satin with a lighter-toned wool lining.

on House Gowns and Lingerie



● Strapless brassiere, above, is attached to a band of wide elastic to corset the figure. The bouffant petticoat is sewn on at the waistline, thus eliminating all unnecessary bulk. Model by Marie Rose Lebigot.



● Dressing-gown in nylon lace by Jacques Heim, left, has full swing back and graceful sleeves. Under the robe is a nylon nightgown with a net yoke which is outlined with applied daisies.



● Waistband of wide broderie anglaise threaded with ribbon makes an enchanting waistline accent for the nightgown, above. The model is front-buttoned with tiny pearl buttons.



● Delicate pleating trims the panties and matching petticoat slip, above. Lilac satin nightgown, right, has inset yoke of lace, which folds to form small cape sleeves. Ribbon is shaped across the bustline and threads under the cape sleeves to tie on the shoulders.



Dorothea Johnston

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The Patient at Peacocks Hall

Continued from page 9

AFTER a moment, Dr. Ludlow went on, "You don't know Mapleford as I do. We're old-fashioned down here. Maybe we're even a little narrow. Am I making myself clear?"

"Not frightfully," I said. He sighed. "You're young, my dear. But the people down here are not, and I'm not speaking of years. Brush and I have been discussing the matter, and he agrees with me it would be very unwise to broadcast the loss. We don't want a lot of chatter in Mapleford about—well, to put it bluntly, about drugs."

I gaped at him. To me all drugs are drugs, so to speak, dangerous or otherwise. I thought he was going to shake me.

"Barbituric acid!" he exclaimed, making it sound like an improper word. "Barbituric acid, Ann. All your fancy fiddle-me-faddles are only barbituric acid."

As I searched for a suitable reply, he went on, "I know these people. Half of them have got nothing to do except chatter about their neighbors. You take my word for it, young woman, you'll have every maiden lady on your register suspected of taking narcotics if you're not very careful."

It was a jolt to me. Although my intelligence told me he must be crazy, I knew in my heart that he was right. It was his famous trick of correct diagnosis all over again. I might be right in theory, but he knew the people of his funny little town.

"I'm terribly sorry," I began, and he grinned at me.

"I hate scandal," he declared. "In fact, I'm terrified of it. I'll get you out of anything in Mapleford except scandal. Then I wouldn't lift a finger." He shot one of his bright birdlike stares at me. "What's your new friend at Peacocks like?"

That took me by surprise. It showed me, too, what I ought to have known about the size and efficiency of Mapleford's espionage system. I had been down to Peacocks Hall exactly five times since old Mrs. Montgomery had rented the house to Peter Gastineau in February.

This man was one of my very few private patients—that is to say, one of those who, although they paid the compulsory weekly premium under the new scheme, elected to pay their doctor as well. That alone made him something of a rarity. I explained at once.

"Well, he's arthritic," I said, "and he has quite a heart. He spent some time in a prison camp, and not one of the better ones, either, by the look of him. He has a man and his wife looking after him."

Ludlow grunted. "All foreigners, I hear." "Gastineau is naturalised, but I imagine he's French or Belgian born. The servants aren't English, either."

"What did Alice Montgomery want to rent her house for?" He seemed gloomy. "And why does a foreigner want to come down here in the cold? Damp hole to take his arthritis to, I should have thought. Well, I

shouldn't see any more of him than you need, you know."

He went off to the French windows, but before he left he glanced round.

"You're a bit too pretty," he said seriously. "These old gals round here, they suspect that."

So it was Miss Luffkin, was it? Her little house was very near Peacocks. I might have known.

"Those are faults I'll recover from with the years," I said aloud.

"Eh? Oh, yes, I suppose you will." The notion did not appear to comfort him particularly. Goo-bye, my dear. Not another word about that other matter, mind. Leave that entirely to me."

He went dancing off across the meadow like a gnome, and as I watched him Rhoda came up behind me.

"I couldn't help hearing, and it reminded me," she said brazenly. "Mr. Gastineau rang up twice this morning. He's quite well, but he wants to see you very urgently. Wouldn't leave a message?"

I could feel her curiosity bristling like a hedgehog. "He's well over forty and he's one of the ugliest men I've ever set eyes on," I observed.

"Is he?" She sounded quite relieved. Then she added suddenly, "I've been remembering Mr. John, you see."

So had I, of course. There are times when I find old Rhoda very nearly unbearable.

IT was ten past five when I left the Cottage Hospital on the other side of the town, and surgery was at six, but as I neared the lane which leads past Miss Luffkin's cottage to Peacocks Hall I thought I could just fit in a call on Mr. Gastineau.

I was not going to Peacocks Hall because Gastineau attracted me. He didn't. To my mind there was little that was entrancing about that battered and racked shell of a human being, but there was something there that I recognised and could sympathise with.

Something about his attitude towards life struck a responsive chord in me. I could not define it, but I certainly wanted to know more about him.

Miss Luffkin was pruning the ramblers which grow over her hedge. As far as I know she never does anything else. Whenever I pass, be it winter or summer, there she is, snipping and brushing and tying and bending, while her quick eyes turn this way and that, and her green gardening bonnet is never still.

I waved nonchalantly and sped by. I guessed she would stare after me and probably glance at her watch, so that later, when I came back, she could look at it again. It couldn't be helped.

Peacocks is one of those sprawling Elizabethan houses which seem to be nesting into the earth for warmth. As I pulled up, the front door creaked open and Gastineau himself appeared. He was delighted, but also embarrassed, to see me, I thought, and he

came stiffly forward to open the car door.

"This is so kind that I am ashamed," he said in his clipped, over-precise English as he led me into the house. "I did not mean to drag you all the way out here. I merely have a little favor to ask, and I seem to be making all the trouble in the world."

He glanced at me out of the corners of his dull black eyes and I thought again how extraordinarily ugly he was. He was a tall man who was bent into a short one, and his skin was sallow and stretched over his bones. Worst of all, he gave me the impression that there had once been something vital and attractive about his looks, but that he was now a ghost of himself, and his deepest eyes were without light.

I did not sit down. "What can I do?" I inquired briefly. "Surgery at six, and I've got to get back."

He grimaced. "Children with spots and old ladies with pains. An extraordinary life for such a pretty woman. But you like it, don't you?"

"I love it," I admitted, "and I'm afraid I never find it even distasteful."

"I see you don't. You are more than clever; you are kind. That is more rare," he said gravely. "That is why I have turned to you, Doctor. I have to have an ambulance."

It was so unexpected that I laughed, and was sorry for it at once because he looked so worried.

"I realise I am being ridiculous," he said slowly. "I am, as they say, in a flat spin. A most awkward and difficult thing has happened and I have to do something about it. It is the widow of a very old friend and compatriot of mine. I have just heard that she is alone and ill in London. I fear she may be"—he hesitated and watched my face as he chose a word—"difficult also."

"Nerves?" I suggested.

"It may be more than that."

"Alcoholism?" He threw out his stiff hands. "I do not know. It is possible—anything is possible. All I can tell you is that I have to go to fetch her with an ambulance and bring her here."

My eyebrows went up. "It sounds like a very tall order."

"Does it? It is all I can do." He spoke with a queer obstinacy. "I promised Maurice as he died that if there was ever anything I could do for Lennie, I would. Now the moment has come."

"It's a great responsibility." He turned on me. "Please don't think I do not know. I have thought it out from every angle. Radek and Grethe will look after her, and you, if you please, will come to see her and advise me."

I had not thought there was so much kindness or duty left in him. "I can order an ambulance for you," I said gently. "It only seems odd to me that her present doctor does not arrange it."

"Ah, I was afraid you would notice that." He smiled at me awkwardly. "She has quarrelled with him, of course. There is nobody to look after her except the landlady, who says I must arrive with the ambulance."

Please turn to page 31

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUD



The Patient at Peacocks Hall

NOW Gastineau's voice had a pleading note. "You will come with me, won't you, Doctor? You go to London on Saturday."

I put my foot down there. I could just see Percy's face if that "foreigner" and I went galloping off to London in the local bone wagon. Besides, he was asking too much. My Saturday trips were the week's one escape from Mapletford, and I felt that my sanity depended on them.

I was mildly surprised that he knew so much about my habits, and then I found I could not dissuade him.

"But you could see her in London before she leaves," he pleaded, urgent as a child.

I weakened. I knew it was silly, but I did, and I turned to the desk in the corner to find a scrap of paper to write the address on.

I am certain I should never have noticed the scrap of blue tissue paper protruding from one of the tiny drawers which lined the desk if I had not heard his sudden intake of breath and had not looked up just as he leaned past me to thrust the thing out of sight.

As it was, I hardly saw it at all. I caught a glimpse of something which looked vaguely familiar, and then there was nothing there save his twisted and stiffened hand, which was shaking violently.

When I glanced up at him, he was trying to laugh. "It is a piece of a desk. That is what you are thinking, aren't you? Let me see what you have written. Yes, that's right. The name is Louise Maurice, the address is Fourteen, Barton Square, West two."

I was still puzzled. I was fairly certain that Gastineau had been grinningly alarmed and I wished I had seen the blue slip more closely. My expression seemed to delight him. He became quite lighthearted suddenly, and insisted on seeing me to the car.

"I think I am a most brilliant judge of character," Gastineau remarked unexpectedly as we shook hands in the drive. "You are kind, but you are also very practical, aren't you, and you have a great sense of what is expedient?"

"I should be a menace as a doctor if I hadn't," I said lightly and climbed into the car.

"And you are not forgiving?" He had to raise his voice, since my foot was on the starter, and the effect was to make the question sound anxious and important.

"I have a heart of flint!" I shouted over my shoulder as I shut away.

It was only as I was waving to Miss Luffkin, who, as I had expected, was waiting in the dusk to see me go by, that it occurred to me that it was a most extraordinary remark for him to have made.

Percy was not on duty that night, and when I got back there was a crowd at the surgery. The waiting-room was packed and I cursed socialised medicine. To my mind its weakness was elementary, and I felt somebody might have foreseen it.

Since everyone was forced to pay a whopping great weekly premium for medical insurance, nearly everybody, not unexpectedly, thought they might as well get something out of it. And, as far as Mapletford was concerned, the three who stood between nearly everybody and the said "something out of it" were Percy and his two assistants, who had not been exactly idle before.

Percy hired us a secretary, paying her out of the private fortune his wife had left him, but she, poor girl, could not sign our names for us or weigh up the merits of a claim.

So the stream of importunate demanding free chits to the

Continued from page 30

dentist, free wigs, corsets, milk, orange juice, vitamin tablets, invalid chairs, beds, taxi rides to hospital, crutches, bandages, artificial limbs, and a thousand and one likely or unlikely requirements dogged us wherever we went.

As Percy said, it was almost a relief to find someone who just had a pain.

To make matters more difficult, the more ignorant—and less sick—among the crowds had lost their old respect for our calling and treated us as if we were officials trying to cheat them out of their rights.

That night I worked until I was in a lather, and was taking a couple of minutes to listen to poor old Mr. Grigson's interminable tale of the strange noises his chest made when the telephone rang. The message was brief but explicit. I knew I must hurry, at once to the McFall home.

Nurse Tooley ministered to the people in that area. She was a woman after my own heart. Her courage made me ashamed of my own, and her endurance had to be observed to be credited. I hurried to her assistance as quickly as I could.

It was dawn by the time we had finished. As the first cock crowed, the young McFall let out his first furious bellow at the world he had hardly inherited, and, soon after, a stalwart neighbor agreed to take over.

Nurse and I crept out into the grey light, and because she was, if anything, even more weary than I, we loaded her bicycle on the car and I drove her home. Despite the hour, nothing would content her save that I step in for a cup of tea. Her round red face was full of anxiety.

"Sure, I've got a little word I'd like to be saying to you, Doctor."

Her cottage was tiny and neat as a doll's house, and, as she scurried about putting out china, I sat in the best chair

and felt my eyelids grow sticky with sleep.

There was something rather special about this woman, I thought idly, as I watched her square, energetic form, solid and strong as a cob pony. She was deft and shrewd and loyal, and the idea shot into my mind that when John and I got our children's clinic we should need her.

In an instant I had remembered, and the furious color rushed into my face. It was the kind of idiotic trick my subconscious was always liable to play on me.

Nurse handed me a steaming cup and sat down beside me.

"You're done up. You look flushed," she observed with concern. "I ought not to have kept you out of your bed, but I did want to speak to you. You're in trouble with the police, I hear, and I was wanting to inquire about this dangerous drug."

That woke me up. I could just see what was happening, now that Percy had decided to shut the stable door well after the horse had been stolen. I did my best to explain, while keeping the irritation in my voice to a minimum.

"Dormital. Yes, I wrote it in my book as soon as Inspector Brush mentioned it to me."

Her Irish brogue was warm and deeply apologetic. "He told me to keep it under my hat, but to keep my eyes open for it, just the same. You'll not have had it stolen, Doctor, not in Mapletford, for it's not at all useful. If it had been a sizeable packet of cascara, now, I wouldn't have trusted some of them."

She hesitated, then added firmly: "No, you've let it slip out of the car and someone has upped and slung it over the hedge. Could you tell me what it was like at all, for if it's found the chances are I shall be having it brought to me?"

I had described my loss carefully to the inspector and I had no need to visualise it again.

Please turn to page 33

As I read the Stars

By EVE HILLIARD

ARIES (March 21-April 20): The Aries power-house of energy will be running at top speed on May 17. Short journeys, sporting fixtures, social activity are A1.

TAURUS (April 21-May 20): Mrs. Taurus is likely to be thrilled with May 18, which ushers in a period of personal happiness, possibly with financial advantages, which lasts until May 23.

GEMINI (May 21-June 21): You will have a quiet little chuckle on May 17 when things work out as you hoped. May 21 will provide an ally helpful to your plans.

CANCER (June 22-July 22): While May 18 is kindly to the gregarious, staying away from the crowd will bring heart-break. May 23 turns the page, starting an entirely new chapter.

LEO (July 23-August 22): With Leo the centre of attraction, May 17, 18, and 20 could bring the aftermath and a big headache to those who have drifted into an annoying situation.

VIRGO (August 23-September 23): Buzzing off on a jaunt on May 17? Be cautious where traffic is heavy or wherever accidents—a r.e. most likely. May 22 is a Virgo cocktail for drooping spirits.

LIBRA (September 24-October 23): Libra good looks equal

Libra good times, with May 17 and 18 giving you a run for your money. The practical side of finances may suffer on May 19.

SCORPIO (October 24-November 23): Should you be in love with a person or an idea, you are likely to fluctuate between self-confidence and fear of failure. May 21 will be the test.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23-December 20): Your popularity quotient should be high, so step out and be sure you're among those present on May 17. May 21 brings a win against odds.

CAPRICORN (December 21-January 19): While others may find May 19 exasperating, Capricornians are smart in challenging adverse conditions. They'll be winners on May 22.

AQUARIUS (January 20-February 19): Nothing ventured nothing gained on May 17. Show a burst of speed; you have a clear road ahead, but put on the brakes on May 19.

PISCES (February 20-March 20): Should you be obliged to stay at home and like it, remember that May 20 could be deceptive, arousing false hopes. Wait until May 23 when your luck is in.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatsoever for the statements contained in it.]

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"I'm a Lux Girl" says Deborah Kerr

"I never neglect my daily facials with Lux Toilet Soap. It feels like smoothing beauty in," says lovely Deborah Kerr, whose brilliant portrayal of "Lygia" in "Quo Vadis" has won critics' acclaim.

Deborah guards her radiant complexion with daily active lather facials with Lux Toilet Soap. "I smooth the active lather well in," she says, "then rinse with warm water, splash on cold, and pat gently to dry with a soft towel." Try Deborah Kerr's complexion care—pure white Lux Toilet Soap. It's a quick easy care that works.



Deborah Kerr, co-star with Robert Taylor in M.G.M.'s Technicolor production "Quo Vadis"



More beautiful than ever in exacting camera close-ups, Deborah Kerr's Lux lovely complexion sets off her pure English beauty.



Even through the most gruelling scenes of "Quo Vadis," Deborah's flawless complexion remains fresh, appealingly lovely.



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So safe

you'll want to use it always

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It's how gently they're washed—not how often—that counts! Don't risk bar soap rubbing. Squeeze through safe, luke-warm Lux!

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See how much faster you wash up in Lux! Lux keeps your hands smooth... does all your day's dishes for only one penny.



So little LUX does such a lot

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—and so do I!"



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THE DIFFERENCE



—but one makes you
feel better in the
morning



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the handy spool—**

as much or as little as you need! For economy in use, and comfort in wear, choose Elastoplast, the elastic adhesive plaster that makes bulky bandages unnecessary. Elastoplast is both firm and flexible, and stretches with the movement of your skin. Also, as it is flesh-coloured it is inconspicuous, and stays clean and neat.

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The Patient at Peacocks Hall

I SAID slowly, "It was a white carton with some blue round the edges—a narrow band, I think. There was printing on the outside—just the usual details and guarantees. The carton had been opened and it held a two-ounce capsule bottle with the seal unbroken. Oh, yes, and there was the ordinary literature inside, a printed blue paper—"

My voice dried suddenly as I heard my own words. A blue paper, tightly printed.

"What's the matter, Doctor?"

"Oh, nothing. Nothing of importance." I managed to sound normal and to say good-bye and to get myself back into the car, but as I sped home through the half-awake streets it went through my mind like a little warning bell that perhaps I was making a silly mistake in being so sorry for Gastineau and so ready to oblige him.

The dreadful thing was that I could not be sure, yet it could have happened. I had not called at Peacocks Hall on the day I had missed the dormitory, but I had seen Peter Gastineau. It was just after I had been to call on Miss Lullkin. I had left her safely in the house, for once, mauling her sore throat in the bathroom, and I came out to the car to find Gastineau standing beside it.

I assumed he had just arrived after one of his little saunters down the road, which were all the exercise he was able to take, but, of course, he might have been there much longer.

The more I thought about it the more my conviction that the blue paper was the same blue paper grew. I half considered going to old Percy, and I think I would have done so in the end had I not been so impossibly busy.

As it was, the only immediate effect of the whole incident was that I forgot to order the ambulance until I was in the midst of a strenuous afternoon at the Friday Welfare Clinic. I had to make the call from the phone on the desk, and I remember thinking at the time that it was the most public telephone conversation I had ever had.

Every mother and half the babies listened to me as if I was ordering a charabanc for an outing. There is not a lot of free entertainment in Maplesford, and people certainly make the best of what there is.

By nightfall everyone in the place would know of Gastineau's visitor, her name, where she came from, and the exciting fact that I would see her in London, that fabulous city. I don't know why it was, but I felt it was dangerous then.

Altogether it was a heavy week, and on Saturday morning it was a thrill to put away my solid tweeds and climb into a silk suit and a squirrel cape, to

Continued from page 31

put on a silly hat which made me look twenty again, and to drive off to the metropolis fifty miles away.

I had a delightful lunch with an old friend, Edith Howe. We had heavenly food and one of those gossip which are good for the soul. Afterwards we went to an exhibition of modern art.

It was a quarter to four before I realised it, and I had to make a Cinderella exit and fly for Barton Square wishing Gastineau and his Madame Maurice, if not at the bottom of the sea, at least in the middle of next week.

They would wait for me, I had no doubt, but, even so, there was none too much time, as I had promised to have tea with the matron at St. James' at five.

I found Barton Square without much difficulty, and the narrow, slightly tattered grey houses rose up like a cliff above me as I crept round it looking for the number. To my astonishment, there was no sign of the ambulance. I hoped they had not run into trouble on the road.

No. 14 was a surprise, too. For one thing, it was shut up like a Bedouin lady in walking-out costume. Drab curtains covered the windows and there appeared to be no lights behind them. It was one of those narrow slices of building with steps to the front door and an area with a lion's cage of a railing round it.

I went up and rang the doorbell. I could hear its hollow clanging echoing through the hallway within, but there were no answering footsteps.

For some time I stood waiting, the cold wind whipping round me. Presently I rang again, and again I heard the bell, but still no one came. I was beginning to wonder if there could be two Barton Squares in the west of London when I thought I heard a movement in the basement below me.

I suppose I had grown so used to admitting myself into patients' houses in Maplesford that I did not hesitate. I scrambled down the worn steps of the area and, skirting the ashcan, entered the tiny porch which I found there. The inner door was closed, and, after knocking without result, I tried it.

My hand was on the knob when a most disconcerting thing happened. It turned in my fingers as someone grasped it on the other side, and the door jerked open, pulling me in with it, so that I finished up with my nose less than six inches from another face.

"Oh," I said inadequately.

Please turn to page 37

What other polisher does ALL this?



Floors Furniture Cars

Twin contra-action
brushes give a
ballroom finish

Sides—as well as
table-tops—take
on a rich gloss

Soft lambswool
pads put a machine
polish on the duco

and it's made by HOOVER

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**We waited... then made
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It includes feature after feature which no other electric polisher can match. Low-slung front for polishing under furniture... built-in headlight to point out unpolished spots... snap-on lambswool pads to give a super-high gloss where required. And—like all Hoover products—it's beautifully made and finished to the last detail. Ask for a demonstration.

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CHASES DIRT!



1 LYNCHING of Pop Keith (Walter Brennan), a small Western homesteader, by rancher Ed Roden, who claims Pop murdered his elder son and rustled his cattle, is stopped by U.S. Marshal Len Merrick (Kirk Douglas) and deputies.



2 POSSE, who have arrested Pop on murder charge, meet his daughter Ann (Virginia Mayo). She insists on crossing desert with them to gaol. They are chased by the Roden outfit.

WESTERN MELODRAMA



3 SHOOTING of deputy Billy Shear (John Agar) by pursuers and capture of Dan Roden follow; Pop taunts Merrick about his dead father.

"ACROSS the Great Divide," a period Western from Warner Bros., has an unusual psychological twist.

Emotional instability of the central character, U.S. Marshal Len Merrick (played by Kirk Douglas), is accompanied by a near-fanatical sense of duty.

The singing of an old cowboy ballad always stirs Marshal Merrick to fury because it reminds him of his father, also a U.S. Marshal, for whose death the son blames himself.

The film action shows how Merrick overcomes his problem.



4 WATERHOLE is stagnant, but exhausted Merrick keeps the party moving. Roden's betrayal attempt fails its purpose of eliminating Merrick.



5 COLLAPSE of the marshal gives Pop a gun; Roden urges Pop to finish off the unconscious Len, but Ann saves his life. Now afoot, party staggers into Santa Loma where Roden is arrested for shooting Billy.



6 TRIAL JUDGE sentences Pop to hang; discipline disappears when Merrick pleads Pop's innocence, but his plea fails when he admits love for Ann. She reproaches Merrick bitterly for his part in the arrest.



7 GUN FIGHT flares between Roden, who uses Ann as a shield, and Merrick when last-minute evidence reveals conclusively that Roden committed murder Pop is charged with. In the skirmish Roden shoots down his father.



8 CONGRATULATING Pop, Merrick and Ann suggest that in future he had best leave strange cattle alone. The three prepare to return home, free from emotional disturbances.

Stars Relax



CORNEL WILDE (above) studies his script and encourages sunbun during outdoor location shooting of "California Conquest" (Columbia), an early American adventure.



GENE AUTRY, pride of cowboy fans, is really a prolific worker, though he relaxes in comfort here. Gene's next film is "Night Stage to Galveston" (Columbia).



MICHAEL RENNIE (left) lounges in a Californian garden. The British star's next movie is "Phone Call From a Stranger," a drama about a plane journey.

DENNIS MORGAN (above) enjoys the peace of the family swimming-pool and thinks about his next film—a Western titled "Raton Pass."

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For a special evening, make your skin look clearer, smoother, brighter with a 1-Minute Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream! Lavish the snowy cream over your entire face, except eyes. "Keratolytic" action of the cream loosens and dissolves off dirt and dead skin flakes! After one minute, tissue off the soothing mask. Now admire the soft radiance of your skin—so glowingly ready for make-up!



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PV.21



AS SERGEANT LARKE

patrolled the park,

He heard two sneezes in the dark.

With staff gripped tight, he flashed

his light,

His stern tones echoed through the

night,

"Kape ah! th' grass! ye coople there;

Yure dith av cowl'd ye'll get, f'r

shure!

Come! hurry home, ye love-sick pair,

And both take

Woods' Great Peppermint Cure."

4 GREAT GRAIN FOODS IN ONE!
Granola

The perfect body-building food! Delicious! Energizing! All-grain!



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Don't let ugly, disfiguring Pimples, Eczema, Acne, Ringworm, Fungal, Boilheads or Itching, Cracking, Peeling, Burning Skin Troubles make life miserable and spoil your fun. Don't be embarrassed and feel inferior because of bad skin. Buy every chemist, drug, a new American Hospital Discovery called Nixaderm that stops the itch in 2 minutes, kills germs and fungus, and in 24 hours begins to seal the skin, clear, soft, and smooth. So water how long you have suffered, get Nixaderm from your chemist in-day under positive guarantee to heal—3-day skin or money back.

'ASPRO' DOES WHAT IT CLAIMS!

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9. It is a wonderful help to women.
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11. It can be taken frequently without causing a habit or creating a craving.
12. It acts swiftly, with certainty and safety, and can be taken anywhere, any time.

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A1/52

Talking of Films

By M. J. McMAHON

★ The Model and the Marriage Broker

FO X comedienne Thelma Ritter puts over some bright comedy as the bluff but sentimental match-maker of "The Model and The Marriage Broker," although sugar-coating somewhat dulls her sardonic comedy style.

Proprietress of a not-very-successful matrimonial bureau, Mae Swazey (Thelma Ritter) has the warmest heart in the world.

But her dogged determination to find partners for the hopeful clients of her marriage agency has a compelling effect comparable to a hit over the head with a crowbar.

The neatest scenes are those in which wisecracking Mae takes a hand in the amours of unsuspecting friends.

Jeanne Crain looks like a

OUR FILM GRADINGS

- ★★★★ Excellent
- ★★★ Above average
- ★ Average

No stars—below average or not yet reviewed.

cover girl as the model of the film title, until she discovers that Mae runs a marriage agency and wrongly suspects that she is being used as romance-bait. Jeanne and Mae are friends.

Scott Brady, who doesn't look much like the X-ray technician he's supposed to be, is the main reason for Jeanne's troubled spirits; he's an anti-marriage type, but, of course, it's a temporary state of mind.

Michael O'Shea, Zero Mostel, and Jay C. Flippen play subsidiary parts.

In Sydney—Mayfair.

CITY FILM GUIDE

Films reviewed

CAPTOL.—★ "Captain Caution," drama, starring Alan Ladd, Victor Mature. Plus "A Champ at Oxford," starring Laurel and Hardy. (Both re-releases.)

CENTURY.—★★ "People Will Talk," modern comedy, starring Cary Grant, Jeanne Crain, Finlay Currie. Plus featurettes.

EMBASSY.—★★★ "Pandora and the Flying Dutchman," romantic fantasy in technicolor, starring James Mason, Ava Gardner, Nigel Patrick. Plus featurettes.

LIBERTY.—★★★ "An American in Paris," technicolor musical, starring Gene Kelly, Leslie Caron, Oscar Levant. Plus special featurettes.

LYCEUM.—★ "Sirocco," mystery drama, starring Humphrey Bogart, Marta Toren, Lee J. Cobb. Plus "Smuggler's Gold," sea adventure, starring Cameron Mitchell.

LYRIC.—★★ "My Favorite Spy," comedy, starring Bob Hope, Hedy Lamarr. Plus "Whispering Smith," comedy Western, starring Alan Ladd, Brenda Marshall. (Both re-releases.)

MAYFAIR.—★ "The Model and the Marriage Broker," romantic comedy, starring Jeanne Crain, Thelma Ritter, Scott Brady. (See review this page.) Plus "Street Bandits," drama, starring Penny Edwards, Robert Clarke.

PLAZA.—★★ "The Enforcer," crime melodrama, starring Humphrey Bogart. Plus "Cuban Fireball," romantic comedy, starring Estelita Rodriguez.

PRINCE EDWARD.—★ "Rendezvous," period comedy, starring Joan Fontaine, John Lund, Mona Freeman. Plus "Horse Feathers," starring Marx Bros.

REGENT.—★★ "Sons of the Musketeers," technicolor period adventure, starring Cornel Wilde, Maureen O'Hara. Plus "The Sea Hornet," adventure, starring Adele Mara, Rod Cameron.

SAVOY.—★★ "La Ronde," sophisticated French comedy, starring Danielle Darrieux, Anton Walbrook. Plus featurettes.

STATE.—★★★ "The Lavender Hill Mob," comedy, starring Alec Guinness, Stanley Holloway, Audrey Hepburn. Plus featurettes.

VARIETY.—★ "Topper Takes a Trip," comedy, starring Roland Young, Constance Bennett. Plus "St. Martin's Lane." (Both re-releases.)

VICTORY.—★ "One Too Many," social melodrama, starring Ruth Warrick, Richard Travis, Rhys Williams. Plus "Skip Along Rosenbloom," starring Maxie Rosenbloom.

Films not yet reviewed

CIVIC.—★ "Raton Pass," Western, starring Dennis Morgan, Patricia Neal, Steve Cochran. Plus "Jewels of Bandonburg," drama, starring Richard Travis. (Re-release.)

ESQUIRE.—★ "Love Nest," romantic comedy, starring June Haver, William Lundigan. Plus "God Needs Men," French religious drama, starring Pierre Fresnay.

PALACE.—★ "Fixed Bayonets," Korean war drama, starring Richard Basehart, Michael O'Shea. Plus "Havana Rose," comedy, starring Estelita Rodriguez.

PARK.—★ "Starlift," modern musical, starring Ron Hegarty, Janice Rule, Dick Wesson, and popular guest stars. Plus featurettes.

ST. JAMES.—★ "Angels and the Pirates," comedy-fantasy, starring Paul Douglas, Janet Leigh, Kernan Wynn. Plus "The Man With a Cloak," mystery drama, starring Joseph Cotten, Barbara Stanwyck.

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365 days a year, in cold weather as well as hot, you run the risk of B.O. Thick clothing, stuffy rooms and extra activity increase the danger—you yourself may be unaware you are offending.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—May 21, 1952

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own blend it is a
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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - May 21, 1952

The Patient at Peacocks Hall

I MUST say that the stranger confronting me seemed quite as startled as I was. He was a tall, middle-aged man with a gentle, vague expression. His good brown suit was loose for him and he clutched a well-brushed hat and a carefully rolled umbrella.

I must have been rattled, I suppose, for I said the first thing that came into my head. "Have you seen the ambulance?"

The question shocked him. I saw his eyes flicker and he said in a quiet, pleasant voice which matched his vague expression, "Oh, there was an ambulance, was there? Oh, dear."

I explained, "I'm Dr. Fowler. I've come to see a patient who, I understand, is to be taken into the country by ambulance. Her name is Maurice. Is this the right house?"

He peered at me in what seemed to be distress.

"Do you know, I really can't tell you," he said at last, adding sincerely, "I'm so sorry. No one seems to be in the house at all except— Well, perhaps you wouldn't mind coming to see for yourself?"

He turned and, highly mystified, I followed him into a labyrinth of those gloomy dungeons and subdungeons which our ancestors were pleased to call "domestic quarters."

The first, which was unfurnished as well as deserted, led to a second, smaller room fitted up snugly enough as a kitchen. There, stolidly eating her tea and toast as if no one had been ringing a bell or standing on a doorstep, was a large, clean woman with the eyes and jaw movement of a cow in a field.

She looked up as we appeared, smiled pleasantly, and just went on eating. It was, I think, the most unnerving welcome I have ever received.

As soon as I attempted to speak to her, the mystery was solved. Still smiling, but with the complete indifference of one who knows something is hopelessly beyond her, she shook her head, and, with a forefinger, pointed first to one ear and then to the other. She was stone-deaf, poor soul.

I opened my bag and began ferreting for a pencil.

"I fear that's no good," muttered the man with the umbrella. "She doesn't read English. I tried that." He sounded as helpless as I felt, and added, as if he thought I ought to have an explanation, "I just happened to call, you see."

I didn't quite, as it happened, but it was the woman I was interested in. At that moment she broke the silence, speaking in a very loud, toneless voice.

"All gone." Her accent was unrecognisable and I could only just understand her. "All gone." She smiled again. "All gone."

"Where?" I was trying her with lip language, but she shook her head.

"Who?" I tried again, and she laughed.

I smiled back and shrugged my shoulders. There was nothing to do but go away, and I had turned when her unnatural bellow filled the room again.

"Sick woman!" she shouted. I swung around eagerly.

"Yes," I agreed. "Where?" "Ah - h - h," she began cautiously. "Sick woman. Mortar. Mortar."

"Mortar," muttered the man at my side. "I think she means 'motorcar'."

I nodded at the woman, who smiled, well pleased.

"Mortar - woosh - gone. Sick woman gone." She sank down once more and pulled her plate towards her. We might not have been there.

The man with the umbrella accompanied me to the door.

"Doctor Fowler," he began,

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there was a cream ambulance coming out of the square just as I came in."

"Really? When was this?"

He considered. "Now let me see. Yes. Yes, it must have been just over an hour ago." He was not at all happy, and his discomfort was nearly as evident to me as my own. "It was caught up in the traffic," he continued casually, "and I happened to notice that it came from a place called Mapleford. Would that be the one?"

"Yes," I said absently. "Yes, that's it. I wonder—"

I don't know what made me glance squarely at him at that particular moment, but I did, and what I saw set me back squarely on my heels. All the vagueness had vanished from his pale eyes, and for a split second they were shrewd and frighteningly intelligent.

The next moment he was his old, apologetic, helpless self again, but I was frightened, and I bade him good afternoon, and hurried off up the area steps, feeling panicky.

Before I drove off to see the matron at the St. James, I spoke to the officer on point duty, and he confirmed that an ambulance had called on that side of the square at about three o'clock.

I was furious. By that time I was disgusted with the whole business, and there is one unalterable rule for a doctor who begins, somewhat belatedly, to scent a mystery—that is, for him to wash his hands of the affair as quickly and thoroughly as possible.

Firmly I put the whole business out of my mind.

I thoroughly enjoyed my evening, but when I neared home, in the car, I was dismayed to see lights on in the cottage. Rhoda never stays up for me when I go to town. She goes to the cinema first and then to bed. If she was still up, something very unusual must be afoot.

I left the car just outside the garage and snaked in by the back door. Rhoda was in her basket chair, knitting furiously to keep herself awake. As I appeared, she glanced up and put a finger on her lips.

"Who?" I whispered.

"He won't go," she nodded at the inner door. "It's that foreigner," she murmured. "He came creeping in just as I was going to bed. Said he'd been trying to telephone here all the evening, and just had to come and see you to satisfy himself."

She paused, her bright eyes meeting mine. "I can't say I think much of him, now I've seen him."

"Not do I," I agreed, keeping my voice down. "Why didn't he go to Doctor Wells?"

"Oh, he wouldn't. He said it was personal."

"Rubbish," I declared wholeheartedly. "I'll go and send him home. I've never heard such nonsense."

Her pink face cleared. "That is a weight off my mind," she said unnecessarily. "I couldn't see what you saw in him. Besides, I've had a letter to-day from Southampton. It came by the second post and there's real news in it. Something you'll never guess."

I am afraid I walked out on her. Rhoda would pause for a good gossip if the house was on fire. Just then my mind was occupied. This development was more than I had bargained for.

Please turn to page 38

ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in *The Australian Women's Weekly* are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

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EW52/1

Page 37

Wonder-tone

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The Patient at Peacocks Hall

Continued from page 37

GASTINEAU was sitting by the fire, his elbows on his knees and his long hands drooping between them. He got up stiffly and took a step forward. He was struggling with nervous excitement and his black eyes had a light in them that I had not seen before.

"I wouldn't have had this happen for the world," he began. "Doctor, you must be so angry."

"Not at all." I was not so inexperienced that I was going to let the party become in any way emotional. "I am very tired, I am afraid, but is there anything I can do?"

"I hope so," he spoke fervently. "I am in a dreadful predicament. I am so frightened that I have made a most serious mistake." He sat down again without being asked. "I tried to catch you this morning when I heard from London of the change of plan. You'd gone, of course. He was not apologising so much as stating the case, and I had the wind taken out of my sails."

"I gathered that the patient was removed earlier in the afternoon," I observed acidly, and at once he was interested and even excited.

"Oh, you did see someone, did you? That is good. Who did you find there?"

"A deaf woman and a man who was visiting her. What happened exactly?"

He did not reply directly. The discovery that I had not merely found the door shut in my face seemed to enrage him.

"If you saw somebody, made yourself known to them, that's something." He spoke with relief, and I found myself peering at him. He had changed somehow. There was something new about him, and to my annoyance I could not decide what it was. I wondered if he was stewing up for a nerve crisis. He caught my expression and pulled himself together.

"I am almost beside myself," he explained awkwardly. "As you know, since the war I have become such a lover of comfort and order and peace. Any change of plan makes me jittery. This morning the good woman who has been looking after Madame Maurice telephoned to say that the hour of departure must be changed."

He drew a quick breath. "I was in despair," he went on. "You were in London and out of reach. Finally I got hold of the ambulance people and with some difficulty got them to go earlier."

"Well, if you got her here, that's all right," I said soothingly. "There was no need for you to come up here to-night."

He opened his eyes wide. "But I came to fetch you. You must see her."

"Not to-night," I said firmly. "That's out of the question. It's very late. Far better let her sleep now, and I'll come round in the morning."

He seemed astounded. I saw a glimpse of something in his face which startled me. I thought he was going to rave at me. It was a queer expression, very fleeting and familiar. I have seen it on the faces of tiny boys when they are suddenly deprived of something they want very much. It is elemental rage, I suppose.

Anyhow, he controlled it, and said meekly enough, "She is so strange. Neither Grethe nor I know what is wrong. It is a great responsibility."

"Have you taken her temperature?"

"Grethe tried. It was impossible."

"Is she delicious?"

"I am not sure."

I put my temper under hatches. Here was a fine household to undertake the care of an invalid.

"Then you should have gone to Doctor Wells. But it's too late now, I'm afraid. Look here. Would you like to ring your housekeeper now and see how she is?"

He shook his head. "You must come back with me." He paused and added devastatingly, "Without you, I cannot very well get home. I made certain you would come, and so I sent my man back with the car. We could try to telephone for a taxi, I suppose."

Now that was a trump card, had he known it. I could just see myself waking up old Chatterbox at the local garage and getting him to turn out to take Gastineau away from my house at midnight on my day off duty. I began to feel very angry indeed.

"Very well," I said. "Put on your coat and I'll run you back and take a look at her."

There was nothing else I could trust myself to say.

On the journey I said nothing at all, as far as I remember. After one or two in-



"He broke my heart completely and ruined my whole life . . . Makes me mad every time I think of it."

effectual attempts to interest me in my new patient, he gave up and we raced on in silence.

There was a light in Miss Luffkin's front room, which went out as we sped past, and I was unreasonably glad that the night had become so dark. All the lights were on at Peacocks. The old house looked as though it were celebrating something.

Grethe, the housekeeper, a swart Eastern European with the most eager eyes I have ever seen in a woman, met us in the hall. She spoke to Gastineau in a language I didn't even recognise, and he turned to me.

"Madame Maurice is in the guest room. Will you come up?"

"Yes, I'll see her since I'm here," I agreed ungraciously.

I followed him up the polished staircase, which was black with age and very wide, on to a large landing where Radek was waiting. I got the impression that this solid wedge of a man, with the heavy face and coarse yellow hair, had been sitting outside one of the doors, but I could not be sure.

He, too, said something to his employer, and Gastineau nodded and signalled to him to leave us.

"She's here," he said, and, without knocking, opened a door on the extreme right of the landing, facing the back of the house.

I went in first. It was one of those tremendous rooms which were designed to house a family. There was a coal fire in the grate and not much other light, and at the end of the carpet I could see a big old-fashioned bed with a canopy and chintz hangings.

Two things impressed me the moment I entered. One was that the patient, whatever

was wrong with her, was snoring more or less normally, and the other that there was a violent smell of alcohol in the room.

I went over to the bed and looked down. It was so dark that I could only make out a little face and a cloud of hair on the pillow. I spoke without looking up. "May I have some more light, please?"

"Of course," Gastineau's voice sounded odd, husky with intense excitement.

I was concentrating on the patient at the time, and, although I noticed it, I did not pay much attention to it until afterwards. He had gone round to the other side of the bed and now turned an unusually powerful reading lamp on the two of us. It almost blinded me. I waved it down a bit.

The woman lying before me was scarcely thirty and stout. I reflected, be quite beautiful when her face was less flushed and her mouth less slack. Her fair hair was bleached, but very lovely, and it spread round her head on the pillow like a halo.

I don't know if I am particularly stupid or unobservant, but I do know that my training has taught me to concentrate only on certain details of a patient's face. It has happened that I have not recognised a woman whom I have been treating for weeks when I have met her some time later in the street.

Anyhow, I know that on that night, up in the vast guest room at Peacocks, it was fully five minutes before the message which was hammering on the back of my mind suddenly got through my concentration and I looked at the woman and realised who she was. Francis Forde.

I had never studied her photograph consciously and I had never seen her film, but now that I was confronted by her I knew it was Francis Forde as surely as if I had lived with her half my life. In one way, I suppose I had.

It was one of those revelations which are at once terrifying and shaming. I saw just how much and how minutely I must have thought about her, and just how avidly my subconscious mind must have seized on every little trick and detail of her face.

I found I knew the moulding of her cheeks and the faint hollows beside her temples as well as I knew the lines round Rhoda's mouth. There were differences I hadn't expected, tiny blemishes the camera had not shown.

This woman had not been doing herself much good just recently. There was a network of tiny lines, finer than a spider's web, on her eyelids. But she was still lovely, so lovely that the old helpless feeling settled over my heart without my daring to question why or whence it came.

It was some seconds before I realised that I was being watched from the other side of the bed, and I wondered if I had given myself away.

But Gastineau couldn't have known anything about my private life, whatever the explanation of Francis Forde's appearance in his house might be. That was one thing I was certain of.

Fortunately, I have a power face by nature and my training has strengthened the gift. If I am scared or even very interested, I am mercifully liable to appear merely preoccupied, and when he said at last, "Well, doctor?" I felt sure he had noticed nothing.

I returned to my job with relief, remembering that it was nothing to do with me who the woman was or why she was there. All I had to decide was what was wrong with her.

Please turn to page 39

IT was an easy enough diagnosis. Francis Forde bowed so inclination to wake, but she was by no means unconscious, and when I shook her gently she flung away from me with an incoherent word.

"Was she like this when you called her this afternoon?" I inquired.

"Not so sleepy," Gastineau said doubtfully, and I wondered whether he could really be so stupid as he appeared.

"Well," I said, "she's been taking a considerable amount of some sort of sedative, which you will probably find among her baggage if you look; and, to put it bluntly, she has also taken a great deal of alcohol."

"I can hardly believe it," he said, coming round the bed and walking down the wide room with me. "It doesn't seem possible. She's a fine actress, you know."

"Really?" I sounded unimpressed. "Well, I'm afraid I can't help her any more. Take away any alcohol or any drugs you may find. Give her brandy or something of the sort in the morning, and, if she is very excitable, one ounce, and no more, of whisky at eleven."

I added indifferently, "By tomorrow night you should know whether the trouble is chronic or not."

To my discomfort, I heard him laugh very softly. "You're very businesslike."

"I'm also very tired. Perhaps you'll forgive me if I get away now."

"When will you come again?"

"You may not need me any more," I said cheerfully. "There's nothing very wrong with her now. This may not be a regular thing. But if it is, you'll need rather different advice from any I could give you. Good-night, Mr. Gastineau."

"No, don't come down. I can find my way out."

He hobbled to the stairhead with me and looked down as I descended. I heard his murmur just above me, and the words were so extraordinary that I thought I must have mistaken them.

The Patient at Peacocks Hall

Continued from page 38

"Courage," I thought I heard him say half to himself and half to me. "That was the only thing I doubted."

I glanced up sharply, but he was simply smiling.

"Good-night, Doctor. It was very good of you. Thank you. Good-night."

I did not realise that I was so shaken by the whole business until I got out into the air. As my hands gripped the steering wheel, I found they were trembling. This alarmed me as much as anything, for my life is based on the premise that I am a sensible, unshockable sort of person.

As soon as I got the car going it occurred to me very forcibly that if Gastineau's Madame Maurice was really Francis Forde—I admitted there was a strong chance I had made a crazy mistake here—there was something very odd about her arrival in Mapleford.

Hard upon this realisation, I decided that the sooner I made a graceful escape from the affair the better.

I was reflecting on the most practical way of arranging this when I was pulled up by someone who walked out into the road and waved a torch at me. I trod hard on the brakes before I realised that I was just outside Miss Luffkin's house.

There she was, wrapped up like a bundle of laundry, her thin, excited face peering out at me from under a sou'wester tied on with a scarf.

"Oh, Doctor, it is you!" I was aware of her eyes noting that I was hatless and had a silk suit on under my ulster. "I've been so worried about those poor people down at Peacocks. I saw the ambulance go by. Is someone very bad, Doctor?"

"Nothing serious," I said with forced heartiness. "Just an old friend of Mr. Gastineau's come to convalesce."

"Oh, I see; a friend." Her disappointment was so obvious that it was funny. She clung to the door of the car, eager

for just a scrap more gossip.

"You're out very late, Doctor."

"Yes, I am, aren't I?" I shouted above the engine I was revving. "But so are you. Good-night."

I shot away into the darkness, hoping I had not been too abrupt and should pay for it. In ten minutes I was home.

If Rhoda was sometimes a thorn in my flesh, there was nothing like that about her now. She was the one person in the whole world whom I knew to be unshakably on my side.

I told her who I thought was at Peacocks Hall. I can see her now, turning away from the stove, the kettle in one firm red hand. There was no smart comeback, no undue surprise. "Are you sure?"

"No, and I can't believe it. It's too ridiculous. Have you got that photograph you were showing me the other day?"

She got it for me at once and I stood looking at it carefully for some time. I could see where it had been touched up—the line of the jaw sharpened, the eyelashes drawn in. But the other elements were all there.

"Is it?" Rhoda asked.

"I think it is," I said slowly. "It's either she or a double. It's not sense, though, Rhoda. How could she be here, calling herself 'Maurice'?"

"He's calling her 'Maurice,'" she corrected me with typical reasonableness. "Besides, it's not so strange as you seem to think. You've not seen the paper to-day, have you?"

She was ferreting under the radio table, where she keeps current reading matter, as she spoke, and soon came back with a copy of her favorite daily. "I noticed this when I was reading at lunchtime."

It was a small news item, at the foot of a column.

STAR TO REST. Friends of Miss Francis Forde, the screen actress, say that the star is to take a few days' complete rest in the country after the arduous of making still pictures for the Moonlight Girl, a new advertising campaign due to begin in the Press on Monday.

I read it through two or three times before it made any sense to me.

"That's all very well," I began at last. "But I don't see why she should come down here in an ambulance. I don't see why Gastineau should tell me this Maurice story or why she should be staying with him."

"Perhaps she's hiding."

"Who from? She's very well known, but she's not one of the top-liners. There aren't articles of fans hounding her."

Rhoda had become very thoughtful. "You're not satisfied, are you?" she inquired, and the slightly hopeful note in her tone irritated me.

"Well, of course I'm not!" I burst out angrily. "How can I be? I'm persuaded to send an ambulance to London to fetch a woman who appears to be no more than very tipsy, and when I see her I recognise her as—well, as somebody other than the person she is represented to me to be."

"Coincidences do happen," said Rhoda. "That's life. I've seen it a hundred times. Some people call it fate and some people call it religion, but whatever it is, there's no denying it, it happens."

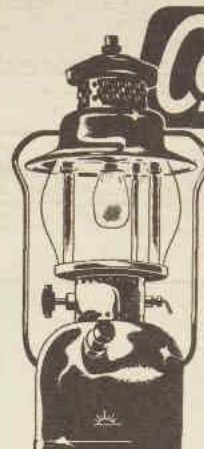
I always find Rhoda rather difficult to bear when she gets on this theme. It is one of her favorites and there is no stopping her. I edged for the door.

"You can run," she said warningly. "You can run, but I'll catch you. This is coincidence, and it's more of a one than you know... yet. You get some sleep."

In my ignorance I felt that this remark of hers was the only one which contained any reason at all, and I went off to my bed feeling that at least there was solace there.

To be continued

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**PERRY
MASON**

* Famous lawyer Perry Mason, his secretary, Della, and private detective Paul Drake have taken the case of Tommy Hadley, whom police think murdered his foster-father, Pops O'Lean. Tommy's sister, Cricket, and her fiancé, Chappie Colefax, find a gun in Tommy's room. Cricket runs from Perry's office across the road in front of a truck. She says she thought the traffic lights were green.

THIS SAME GIRL WAS GUN OVER BEFORE?

JUST THE OTHER NIGHT. AND CROSSING AGAINST A RED LIGHT!



THEY MENTIONED THE POSITION OF THE LIGHTS. SHE SAID ENOUGH WHEN HE CONCENTRATES IN LET'S SEE WHAT SHE SAYS ABOUT THE

TO BE CONTINUED

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - May 21, 1954



Persil Washes Brightest

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MR. BARRETT

made a noise that sounded much worse than "Bahl" and set about vanquishing a piece of pie. Sylvia dropped her napkin and bent to pick it up again; in doing so she actually moved her foot and gave Harry a chance to tuck his hastily under his chair.

He was so busy wondering whether it would be black and blue and watching Sylvia's face for the start of surprise when she tried to put her foot back and found that the leg of the table had apparently moved that he did not hear Mrs. Barrett's question about what movie they were going to see, and it had to be repeated. Unfortunately, he had forgotten the name of it.

Mr. Barrett muttered something under his breath. Harry wasn't a good lip-reader, but

A Leopard Can't Change

Continued from page 5

The man said, "I said, Hiya, beautiful. Whatsa matter, you got no manners? You should answer."

Sylvia said nothing. That is, in words she said nothing; her face said a great deal. Her face was angry and set, and she was looking hard at Harry. For one horrible moment the idea came to Harry that maybe, in that lovely face, there was some faint resemblance to her father.

Harry looked up at the man. Apparently he had ordered too many drinks—not sodas. He was certainly being unpleasant, but there was a pretty good chance that he didn't really know he was doing it. Harry stood up and put his hand on the man's shoulder. "She is beautiful, isn't she," he said gently.

THE man looked around and stood up straight. Harry put a little pressure on the shoulder. "I'm glad you came along," he said. "I was just sitting here thinking how beautiful she is, and then you come along, and the very first thing you say is that she's beautiful. That's a coincidence, isn't it? Now isn't that a real coincidence?"

This kind of talk, coupled with the number of drinks the man had taken, seemed like interesting and intellectual conversation. He nodded gravely; it was certainly a coincidence. Now he could tell you about a coincidence, something happened to him one time, you wouldn't believe it, but it really happened—

Still talking, still keeping the gentle pressure on the man's shoulder, Harry guided him to the front of the shop, where another man was waiting in about the same con-

dition. It was nearly ten minutes before he could shake them; he finally managed it by getting them arguing with each other. The argument grew so heated that they realised it would take something stronger than soda to settle it, and they wandered off into the night.

Harry made his way back to the booth. There seemed to be no reason for feeling as if there were lead in his feet. And in the middle of his stomach, too. He had handled the whole thing neatly, kindly, and with intelligence. It would have been senseless to sock a man who so obviously did not know what he was doing, he told himself firmly. His way of handling it had been, actually, sophisticated.

But it certainly hadn't been heroic.

And when he looked at Sylvia's face he saw that maybe there was a pretty good reason for feeling he had lead in his stomach.

"Thanks," Sylvia said. "Feel up to taking us home after all that effort?"

What with Carol being with them, and all, there really wasn't a chance to mention the fact that the way he had handled the drunk had been a lot smarter than socking him in the jaw. Anyway, he had the feeling Sylvia really didn't want to hear about it right then.

When he got home he took a nice warm shower and went to bed, and lay there waiting for sleep to come. Usually he did not have to wait very long; in fact, sleep was usually right there in bed, waiting for him. To-night Morpheus was busy somewhere else.

Harry lay on his right side, and then he lay on his left side, and then he lay on his back. He tried thinking about

Beauty in brief:

Pretty proportions

By CAROLYN EARLE

● It is not how much you exercise but how intelligently you do it that makes for physical well-being and pretty proportions.

FOR instance, you could bump, bend, stretch, squat, and beat for hours, but it would not do you much good if droopy shoulders were spoiling your figure.

It is true that you cannot hope to exercise enough to reduce if you have too much poundage, but you can with proper exercises redistribute your weight into more attractive proportions.

Thickened waistlines, heavy thighs, and fat midriff are spots on which exercise will work wonders.

Kneading the flesh and brisk slapping help to reduce the unsightly spare tyre when combined with vigorous side bends and muscle flexing.

A few minutes' brisk friction with a dry sponge or rough towel after a hot bath, in addition to daily hip drill, assists in tailoring hips and thighs to neater proportions.

Woman cave explorer

AMONG Australia's small band of cave explorers is Miss Kath Sudakoff, of Sydney.

She is possibly Australia's finest negotiator of narrow squeeze-holes with sharp and troublesome bends.

When she has squeezed through a hole she is on her own. No one can follow her, even if she gets into difficulties.

Scientific cave-exploring clubs have been active in Australia only since the end of World War II, but several members have had unpleasant moments in their search for bones and plants in caverns deep in the earth.

An article on cave exploring, with illustrations in color of some strange formations encountered, is published in A.M. for May, now on sale.

The movie was a comedy. The plot wasn't original, but it was amusing. It was all about a young man who let everybody walk all over him until one day he stuck out his shoulders and squared his jaw—or maybe it was the other way around—and started shoving people around. And everybody promptly loved him, including the heroine with the beautiful legs.

After the movie they stopped at the Soda Shoppe for something cool. Carol and Sylvia were discussing the movie so animatedly that Harry couldn't have said a word if he had wanted to; fortunately, he didn't want to. He was much too depressed.

They were sitting in their favorite booth, near the back, when the man got up to put a coin in the jukebox. He was a big man, very noisy, and he did not exactly have a nice personality.

He bent down, leaning heavily on the table, and stared at Sylvia. He said, "Hiya, beautiful."

Sylvia said nothing. Harry said nothing.

"Now I know! Even 'problem' floors will come up shiny-bright with VELVET soap"

says MRS. HARP of WOOLAHRA, N.S.W.

to Aunt Jenny

Scrubbing a kitchen floor can be the housewife's hardest task, but when Aunt Jenny visited Mrs. Harp at her modern home she found her making light work of this chore. Mrs. Harp uses mild extra-soapy Velvet for all the rubbing and scrubbing, and her hands tell her how gentle Velvet is.

"I used to find floor scrubbing and polishing a frightful chore until I used Velvet. This rubber floor seemed to get dirty quicker than any in the house," Mrs. Harp told Aunt Jenny. "I can see how quickly you're doing the job!" exclaims Aunt Jenny. "Yes! And without polishing, Velvet brings back the brand-new lustre to my rubber floor."



"This beautiful cloth came from Singapore. It's one of my prized possessions, I wouldn't dream of washing it with anything but Velvet". "Yes", adds Aunt Jenny, "you can trust the finest things to Velvet, and isn't it wonderful the way Velvet-washed linens last!"

Pure mild Velvet is so kind to your hands — so gentle to your clothes. Here's why Velvet-washed clothes last longer.



FABRICS WASHED WITH ORDINARY SOAPS — seen under a magnifying glass — look frayed and worn out, because hard rubbing is necessary with skimpy, inferior lather. And look how those weary-willy suds leave dirt ingrained in the weave.



FABRICS WASHED WITH VELVET SOAP — seen under a magnifying glass — stay strong as new, wash after wash because no hard rubbing is needed — yes not a trace of dirt is left behind. Velvet's extra soapy suds are kind to the most delicate skin and gentle to your clothes, too!



Cupboard space

By JOAN MARTIN

No woman, whether she lives in a tiny flat or a palatial home, ever thinks she has enough cupboards.

THE world and his wife complain about cupboards — not enough room, too deep, too shallow — anything but the right thing.

The truth is that even to-day cupboards are seldom planned with an eye to their purpose.

The space you have and what you require that space for will determine your cupboard arrangement, but here are a few important points:

- Plan. Know the things that have to go into a cupboard so you will be able to provide for them.
- Partition. Measure the space you intend using, then on a piece of paper draw the cupboard to scale. Still in scale, sketch in any ideas you may have for shelves, etc.

- Equip. You'll find all sorts of accessories in the stores that will be invaluable—new ideas in hangers, tie racks, hat stands. You may even be able to copy some of these ideas more cheaply at home.

Women's cupboards undoubtedly require careful planning in order to accommodate the large number of garments and accessories that are essential to feminine wardrobes.

Very wide shelves are not useful. They involve too much rummaging to reach things stored at the back.

Remember that if you are using a rod for your hangers and want to have it immediately below a shelf, that shelf will need to be 21in. to 22in. wide. Hangers are usually 16in. to 18in. wide, and sufficient clearance should be allowed for bulky coats, etc.

Measure your longest frocks to gauge correct depth of cupboard.

Shoe racks are invaluable and space for one can usually be found somewhere in the cupboard—even on the back of the door.

To get the fullest use out of them it is important to find out how much space each pair of your shoes needs. Often these racks are haphazardly installed, and instead of each row holding four pairs of shoes, for example, only three and a half can fit.

Drawers for underclothing, woollies, and accessories are, of course, best, but open shelves are adequate and far less expensive.



THE SAME KIND OF MATERIAL has been used for cupboard accessories as for furnishings in this room. The striped accents provide an attractive color contrast. Storage space has been carefully planned.

You will then need suitable boxes for separating the smaller things such as belts, stockings, and scarves. These boxes as well as garment bags can be bought in the stores, but they remain as yet in the luxury class.

However, there is no reason why they can't be made at home. Plastic material which comes in a large range of colors and patterns is ideal for bags of all shapes and sizes.

Men don't want fussiness, but appreciate a convenient place for everything. Measure carefully and plan to suit his needs, remembering that men's suits are bulky and need plenty of space.

Shallow drawers or shelves are as necessary for men as for women—shirts especially need them. There are many excellent tie racks on the market which could be fixed to the back of the door—even a small towel rail would suit the purpose.

A cupboard in the hall is a great asset—it holds overcoats, hats, umbrellas, schoolbags, etc., but is usually in a state of utter disorder.

Although it would be stupid to expect this cupboard to look pretty, it could at least look workmanlike, and, with a little thought, reasonably tidy. A coat of paint will improve it.

With linen cupboards as with all others color and decoration play a large part. No matter where you store your linen, in the hall, bedroom, or even bathroom, the cupboard when opened should present a neat and attractive appearance.

If your home is still in the blueprint stage it is a good idea to have a sorting shelf built in. This would pull out from under the centre shelf and be invaluable when you are putting away the laundry.

Just a final reminder—do measure carefully before planning. It will make all the difference between a cupboard which merely serves its purpose and one that efficiently serves you!



HAT RACK made from a length of wire can be attached to the back of your coat-cupboard door. The only tools you will need are pliers and a screw-driver.



NEAT IDEA for rainy days. Hang wet shoes by spring clothes-pegs and chains installed in your hall cupboard. This keeps them off the floor and speeds drying.



PARTITIONING has been cleverly arranged in this little girl's cupboard. Two adjustable rods can be raised as she grows older. The low one holds clothes she can reach, the high one her party best.

My husband's a different man!



Thanks to Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids

Read for yourself this woman's grateful letter. She writes: "My husband has had a very bad spin with his stomach and kidneys. Many medicines failed to give him any relief. As I had been taking Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids with beneficial results myself for some time, he took some Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids, too, to please me. Now, after the Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids treatment, he is a different man. I thank you sincerely."

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Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids are a great blood medicine containing Thionine. They help to drive out the crippling poisons and germs from your system that so often cause constant Headaches, Dizziness, Rheumatic Aches and Pains, Kidney and Bladder Troubles, Backache, Sciatica, Lumbago and similar ailments.

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A Leopard Can't Change

MRS. CONERLY sighed, and then smiled a little. "I keep forgetting, dear. But—" and her voice suddenly took on the note he knew too well, gentle but firm, not to be denied—"but I still think if you can't sleep you ought to have some hot milk."

Harry sighed, too. He did not want to in the least, but he knew that if either of them was to have a peaceful night he might just as well get up and get some hot milk.

"All right," he said, "I'll go down and get some."

Alone in the kitchen, he opened the refrigerator and glared at the milk, giving it the full benefit of the glare that should have gone to his mother. He hated hot milk.

And all of a sudden it occurred to him that if he did not want to drink hot milk he really did not have to.

Whistling softly but happily, he drew some water and made himself a nice pot of black coffee.

Back in bed he found that he felt enormously better. He settled down under the covers, knowing that now he would be asleep in a minute.

The hours came and the hours went. The clock in the hall struck them off without a single mistake. Harry knew. He had a good chance to know them all intimately. He did not go to sleep at all.

That is, he did not think he did, but he must have, because when the mosquito came along it woke him up. It not only woke him up, it kept him awake, flapping at it feebly in the dark, turning on the light and trying to find it, turning off the light and hearing it buzz again, coming in for a three-point landing. It was a long night.

When he got up in the morning he felt as tired as he had ever felt in his life. It seemed to him that his very face must have changed, and he went to the mirror and took a quick look. Then he jumped back three feet. His face really had changed.

The mosquito, as a parting gesture, had bitten him on his left eyelid. The eyelid was swollen until the eye would barely open. Under both eyes there were deep dark circles, as black as the coffee that had caused them. He looked terrible.

Harry was not vain, but for a few minutes he stood staring at himself in dismay, wondering whether he dared to go to work that way. He tried drooping the other eyelid, turning his head from side to side to get the effect. He no longer looked queer. He looked sinister. It was surprising what a difference looks made. He felt sinister.

On the way to work he raced another car to a parking place. Usually he was a courteous driver, and if he thought another driver had seen the space first he gladly gave it to him. This time he sneaked in frontwards after the other driver had pulled ahead to back in; he sat there looking sinister while the other driver glared at him, called to him, swore at him, and finally drove away. Then Harry pulled ahead and backed in properly.

He was late for work, and so, of course, he met Mr. Corbett. Mr. Corbett said, "Morning," briefly and disagreeably,

Continued from page 42

and Harry said, "Morning," just as briefly and even more disagreeably. It seemed to him that Mr. Corbett kept coming through the office and glancing at him all through the morning; every so often Harry would raise his head and look at Mr. Corbett from under his swollen eyelid.

And when he looked down again, instead of seeing Mr. Corbett, oddly enough he saw Mr. Anderson. Mr. Anderson was a very nice man, and he also made braces, over on the other side of town. And several times Mr. Anderson had managed to give Harry the impression that he thought a nice young man like Harry would be a good thing to have around.

Considering the way Mr. Corbett was looking at Harry, it was very comforting to think about Mr. Anderson.

Harry went out for lunch alone. He took a long time; his swollen eye kept closing and making him think he was sleepy, and he felt the need for a great many cups of coffee. When he got back Mr. Corbett was standing by his desk, with an old-fashioned turnip watch in his hand. "Where have you been?" he said.

TAKING his time to reply, Harry said: "Eating my lunch." And then he heard himself saying, not quite as mildly, "That's still allowed, isn't it?"

Mr. Corbett looked at him sharply. Harry put his head back and looked at Mr. Corbett from under his eyelids. Mr. Corbett looked away. "Why did you let that Montrose order get shipped?" he asked.

"Why not?" Harry said. "Why not? Because they owe us for something they bought six months ago, that's why not!" Mr. Corbett said. "Ye gods! Do I have to watch everything that goes on here myself?"

"If you watched it less," Harry said, "we'd get along better."

Mr. Corbett obviously had heard, and just as obviously he did not believe that he had really heard it.

"The trouble around here," Harry said, "is that you poke your nose into everything. And you're still trying to run this business the way you ran it forty years ago." He managed a smile, both supercilious and sinister. "That's a nice watch you've got there," he said. "So appropriate."

Mr. Corbett's face had been changing color while Harry spoke. From its normal red to a dark red, then to purple, and then to white. It was like watching a sunset in technicolor. He did not speak at all, and in the silence Harry thought he had better make things clear.

"I do my work, Mr. Corbett," he said. "Suppose you just stay in your office and do yours. That way we will understand each other." He stood up. "Furthermore," he said, with deadly emphasis, "if you ever shout at me again, I am quitting."

Please turn to page 52

Beauty for your fingertips



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SMOOTH AND EVEN
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EXHIBITION GARDENS



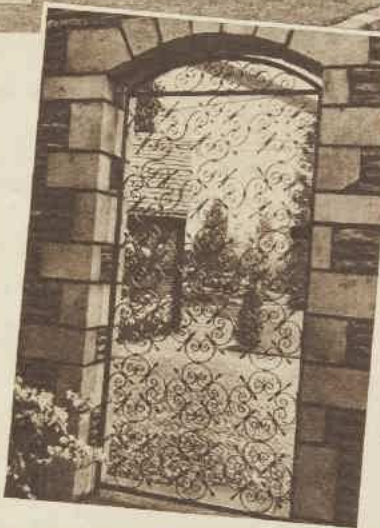
SEMI-FORMAL GARDEN. Without the summerhouse, this design would be suitable for an average-sized garden with a gradual slope.

● Regardless of the shape, size, or age of a house, it is the surrounding garden that gives it the external distinguishing marks of a home.

SHOWN on this page are some landscaped gardens that were featured in the recent Ideal Home Exhibition in London.

Designed by masters of the art of planning, structure, and planting, they offer ideas that any home gardener can adapt either in making a new garden or in remodelling an old one.

The garden shown directly below offers an ingenious idea to those who don't like the work attached to the upkeep of flower-beds. Random color is introduced into this lawn-garden by small flowering plants that grow over and round the flat stones in the lawn.



OPEN FILIGREE pattern in a wrought-iron gate provides a pleasant approach view for a large courtyard garden that is enclosed by a high wall or fence.



EFFECT OF NATURAL SPACIOUSNESS is created in this unfenced lawn by flat stones laid to simulate outcrops of rock. Dwarf flowering plants and clumps of daffodils grow around the rocks.



FORMAL BUT COLORFUL carnation beds look well in a garden with a pergola. Ivy trailing up the pillared supports is a soft background for the baskets of flowering carnations that hang from the crossbeams.

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"Stay-put"—that's what they call Les Turner, drover and buckjump champ. of Newmarket, Victoria.

This sort of thing is all in the day's work to Les—he's mastered the roughest of them from one end of Australia to the other.

"Working with stock, I'm out in all weathers," says Les. "Often—cold and wet through for hours. That's when I'm glad of good hot Bonox! Warms me up—helps guard against chills and 'flu'." Whether you work indoors or out—get the Bonox habit.

KH22

Plan a practical layette

By **SISTER MARY JACOB**,
Our Mothercraft Nurse

AN important and happy part of planning for the arrival of a new baby is the collection of a layette.

Many young mothers are often so anxious to have pretty things for their babies that they assemble a large trousseau, much of which is not used.

It is better to concentrate on essentials at first and add to the layette later.

Paper patterns for a dainty and practical 12-piece layette, which includes two night-gowns, two dresses, a carrying-coat, petticoat, matinee jacket, and other essential garments, can be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney. Price 3/6, postage free. Note: Names and addresses should be written clearly in block letters.

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Tomato Soup is so economical, Mother.



When you enjoy it—you eat

well and save money at the

same time. It's so thick—

so rich—it goes further—

gives you welcome extra platefuls. Serve

Heinz Tomato Soup always.



it's wonderful . . .

Your grocer has Heinz Tomato Soup in two sizes. The 16-oz. family size and the new 10-oz. economy size . . . You'll find the convenient Heinz 10-oz. size ample for three—enough for four.



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"Cook with Kraft Cheddar—and save Money"
— advises Elizabeth Cooke, Kraft Cookery and Nutrition Expert.

"Here's the way to cut down on your meat dishes — without sacrificing food values," says Elizabeth Cooke. "Kraft Cheddar gives you just as many essential proteins as meat — but look at the difference in cost! This golden, delicious cheddar is simply loaded with food values, packed with flavour, and it's the perfect cheese for cooking."



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Why is Kraft Cheddar best for cooking? Because it is already processed, Kraft Cheddar melts easily, evenly and smoothly. It *always* has that true, appetising cheddar flavour. Unlike ordinary cheese, you can't cook the flavour out of Kraft Cheddar! Also, it never turns dry, "oily", or crumbles away when shredding.

Bargain in Nutrition. Not only is Kraft Cheddar rich in the same body-building proteins as meat, but it gives you the essential vitamins A, B₂ and D — as well as eleven times more bone-building calcium than cream! So serve your family plenty of main-course dishes made with Kraft Cheddar. Processed and pasteurised for purity. Also, Kraft's hygienic air-tight wrap keeps every slice fresh and tasty. No rind, no waste. Sold everywhere in the blue 8 oz. packet or the economical 5 lb. loaf.

KRAFT CHEDDAR

*Whenever a recipe calls for "cheese"—
for best results use Kraft Cheddar.

"I did"

confesses Des.
Gardiner, of Mascot
Avenue, Carrum,
Victoria...

... "and what a surprise I got! Why haven't I been told about this cheese cookery before? The Kraft Dinner Loaf is a super dish!"



KRAFT DINNER LOAF

To 1½ cups cooked spaghetti add 2 tablespoons tomato sauce and 2 tablespoons butter. Mix lightly together 2½ cups soft breadcrumbs; 8 ozs. shredded Kraft Cheddar; 1 medium size chopped onion; 2 tablespoons parsley; and a small red pepper, diced. Season with 1 teaspoon salt and a small pinch cayenne. Beat 2 eggs well, and add 4 tablespoons milk. Blend all thoroughly; heap into a greased loaf tin, and bake in very moderate oven about one hour. Serves 6.

When you cook with Kraft Cheddar remember that every delicious mouthful is rich in the same body-building proteins as meat. But look at the difference in price!

KCF25

Dishes for a rice table

... exotic flavors of
Eastern foods ideal
for buffet luncheons

Fried rice is basic dish

RIJSTAFEL, which is Dutch for rice table, consists of any number of spicy dishes eaten with a "table" of rice, that is, rice spread thickly over the plate.

In Java, where it originated, grades of rijstafel are described by the number of waiters required to serve it, such as one-boy curry, or, at the other end of the scale, 22-boy curry.

Recipes illustrated on this page were prepared by the Dutch chef at "The Tulips" restaurant, Sydney.

The dishes may be as simple or as elaborate as you wish. If some of the spicy dishes are not liked, substitute other dishes, such as creamed fish and chicken. Here is the recipe for fried rice:

Fry 4 cups of unwashed rice in melted butter in large saucepan until hot but not browned. Pour into saucepan 4 cups boiling water. Place lid on, immediately put into moderate oven, cook 20 minutes. Lift lid, test rice by pressing 2 or 3 grains between finger and thumb.

While rice is cooking prepare other ingredients. Shred white cabbage, dice celery, dice shallots, and chop onions; quantities are ground red chilli (the thin, long, hot type), a piece of crushed garlic, and a piece of crushed root ginger. Add prepared vegetables, saute 5 minutes. Mix with cooked rice, add salt to taste, then soya sauce until mixture is light brown.

SHREDDED CABBAGE, celery, shallots, and onions are used to flavor the rice which is served with curried prawns, pineapple fritters, and other dishes in rice table.



Chicken, prawns, pineapple

Prawn Curry: Shell prawns. Fry lightly in melted butter, do not brown. Remove prawns, add flour to butter, then stock, and stir until boiling. Flavor with ground chilli, crushed garlic, and salt. Add prawns.

Pineapple Fritters: Cut ripe pineapple into slices, then halves or quarters. Prepare egg-batter and flavor to taste with curry powder, ground chilli, and crushed garlic. Dip pineapple pieces in batter and fry golden brown.

Fried Chicken: Cut steamed chicken into joints, rub with ground red chilli. Fry golden brown in oil or butter. Add soya sauce, crushed ginger and garlic, and chopped shallots. Simmer chicken in this for a few minutes.

Serve krupuk or prawn crackers, too. They are available in a dried form from most food stores. When fried in deep hot fat they puff up and become semi-crisp. They are eaten after, or with, hot spicy dishes.

Fried Salami: Leave skin on, rub slices on both sides with chilli. Fry in butter until edges curl up.

Spiced Cucumber: Peel cucumber, cut into slices about 1/2 in. thick. Chop each slice into 5 or 6 pieces. Into an enamel-lined vessel place white vinegar and water—2 parts vinegar to 1 part water. Add cucumber, curry powder, and salt to taste. Just after the mixture boils remove from stove and cool. An enamel-lined vessel should be used for mixtures containing vinegar, as acid damages metals.

BROWNED ALMONDS, toasted coconut, and a type of Javanese chutney are traditionally served with rice table. At left are fried chicken, coconut milk eggs, and krupuk.



Eggs in coconut milk

Coconut Milk Eggs: Simmer dried coconut in twice as much milk (by measure) for 15 minutes. Allow to cool, strain, and add milk to melted butter flavored with onion, paprika, garlic, ground chilli, and salt. Add shelled hard-boiled eggs to the milk mixture and keep over low heat 3 or 4 minutes. Prepare close to serving time, as hard-boiled eggs tend to toughen if kept heated for long.

Dried coconut, used for eggs in coconut milk, is a very different product to desiccated or shredded coconut. It is normally obtainable from health stores, and is used in place of fresh coconut milk, which is readily available in Indonesia, where this recipe originated.

Meat Kabobs: Cut raw lamb or beef or pork into 1 in. cubes. Thread on very fine small skewers or special wooden sticks, pressing closely together. Pan fry in butter or grill until cooked through, turning frequently. Serve in kabob sauce made by frying chopped onion, crushed garlic and ginger, and ground chilli in a small amount of peanut oil. Add peanut butter, soya sauce, and stock in equal quantities. Reduce sauce by cooking gently until thickened. Add skewered kabobs and soak 1 1/2 hours.

FRIED SALAMI SAUSAGE, skewered kabobs of lamb, beef, or pork, and spiced cucumber are illustrated here. The cucumber is peeled and cooked gently in curry-flavored vinegar.



Amazing new discovery kills indoor smells

It's the wick that does the trick!



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F6797



F6736

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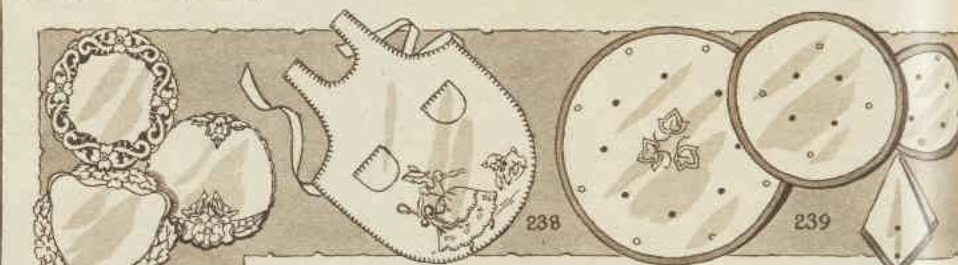


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F6874



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The apron is prettily designed and is clearly traced ready to embroider on British cotton. The color choice includes pink, green, lemon, and blue. Size medium; price 6/3. Postage, 8d. extra.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — May 21, 1952

MS. 4.11
Page 51

FINALLY a sound came from Mr. Corbett. It was rather a loud one. "Quitting!" he shouted. "You can't quit! You're fired! Get out!"

It was unexpected, but Harry was equal to it. "Miss Printz has my address," he said coldly. "She can send my back pay." He bent over his desk and pulled his few personal possessions from the middle drawer. Mr. Corbett stood and watched him as he did so, apparently choking on something. "Good-bye, sir," Harry said, and turned and walked with quiet dignity to the door.

It was odd to be out in the street in the middle of a weekday afternoon. He knew just where he was going, though; he walked purposefully to his car and drove over to the other side of town to see his friend Mr. Anderson. His friend Mr. Anderson was out.

It was much too early to go home. Harry drove out to the park and watched some kids playing. It looked dull. He drove back into town and went into a bar and had a drink. He had never been in a bar in the middle of a weekday afternoon. There were only a few people there, and they looked dull, too. He got back in his car and drove aimlessly around.

And by a strange coincidence—not too strange, considering he was only a block from her house—he saw Sylvia walking along with Carol.

He stopped beside them and they said, getting in: "We were just going into town; now you can take us; how'd you get the afternoon off?"

A Leopard Can't Change

Continued from page 44

"Good-bye, Carol," Harry said, and leaned across Sylvia and slammed the door.

"Well!" Sylvia said. "Why, Harry Conerly, the very ideal!" She turned to glare at him, and began to look more amazed than angry. "What in the world has happened to your eye?" she said.

"Nothing," Harry said, and did not speak again till they were parked out near the oval. "Sylvia," he said, "we are getting married right away."

"Harry!" Sylvia said. "You mean it? You got your raise?" "I can't get a raise," Harry explained, "because I haven't got a job."

The variety of expressions that crossed Sylvia's face was interesting. The one that finally stuck was anger. "Of all the dirty tricks," she said, "teasing me like that."

"I wasn't teasing," Harry said. This was getting a little out of hand, but he still thought he could handle it. "I lost my job," he said. "That is not the point. I want you to marry me now. I am tired of waiting."

"For Pete's sake!" Sylvia said. "Marry you—when you haven't even got a job!" "I was under the impression," Harry said, "that you were marrying me, not my job."

"Oh, Harry!" Sylvia said, and all of a sudden she was nearly in tears. "I don't know what's got into you, acting so silly!"

He had never seen Sylvia come anywhere near crying; it was a strangely appealing sight. But only a weak man

would be moved by a woman's tears.

"Don't bother with the tears," he said gruffly. "Just answer me. Will you marry me?"

"In one word," Sylvia said, "no. Not now and not ever. Take me home, please."

"That's more than one word," Harry said, and turned on the motor to drive her home.

They stopped in front of the Barrett house. Sylvia was looking straight ahead; a small spot of color burned angrily on each cheek. She opened the door almost before the car stopped and plunged out; maybe that was why she did not see the man coming until she had run into him.

THE man was big and he was coming fast. Sylvia bounced off him with such force that she fell back against the car door, clutching at it to keep from falling. Harry jumped out hastily, reaching both hands to steady her, knocking off her hat.

"I'm sorry," the man said. He seemed a trifle unsteady, and it sounded rather as though he had said: "I'm sorry." He looked like the man in the Soda Shoppe. Maybe he was the man in the Soda Shoppe.

"You should be sorry," Harry said.

"People run around not looking where they're going," the man said. "And I say I'm sorry."

Sylvia looked at the man and then back at Harry.

"Go on," Harry said. "On your way."

"Minding my own business," the man said, "walking down the footpath. Fellow here says I should go on. What business is it of his?"

"Beat it," Harry said. "Fellow says beat it," the man said. "Why should I beat it?"

Sylvia was sitting on the seat in Harry's car, her pretty feet on the running-board. She was still looking from the man to Harry and then back, like somebody watching a tennis match. The man seemed to notice her all at once.

"Hello, beautiful," he said. "You know what I figure? I figure it's his him should get out of my way."

Harry moved menacingly closer, standing between the man and Sylvia. "Scram!" he said, between clenched teeth.

The man had no trouble looking over Harry's shoulder at Sylvia. "Don't you think he should get out of my way?" he said.

"Yes," Sylvia said distinctly. All that had happened during the day welled up inside Harry suddenly. He took his coat off and put it carefully on the side of the car. He rolled up his sleeves.

"Don't be silly, Harry," Sylvia said calmly. "He's a lot bigger than you are. Besides, he's drunk."

"I won't hurt him," Harry said. "Much." And he swung.

"Lady says I'm drunk," the man said. "Not that drunk." Harry's haymaker missed by three inches.

The man's left hand bumped

into Harry's chin, not too hard, apparently by accident. Harry staggered back and came forward again, still swinging.

Harry heard a crack and the ground came up slowly and hit him in the face. And the car and Sylvia and the house and the trees all began to whirl slowly around Harry's stationary head. He closed his eyes.

When he opened them again the whirling things were slowing down a little, and when he sat up he found that he could whirl with them if he tried.

The man had gone. Sylvia still sat in the car, looking very blurred, whirling counter clockwise.

"He hit me," Harry said indignantly.

"Yes," Sylvia said. She made a funny sort of a sound, and, looking at her closely through the blur, Harry suddenly saw what she was doing. Sylvia was laughing.

"If you'll get out of my car," Harry said, "I think I'd like to go home now."

"I think that's where you belong," Sylvia said, and she slipped out of the car and ran past him, and now she was laughing openly, not even trying to hide it.

He reached home all right. Miraculously the house was empty. He got up into his own room and lay down stiffly on the bed. He was one big ache all over, largely in the head. But most of all inside him.

That morning he had had a job, a nice personality, and a girl. He had set out to change his personality, and now he was out of a job and he didn't



"He's a poor, hungry, forlorn little fellow, amazed, bewildered, and a bit hurt to discover someone has eaten all his porridge. Try to get some dramatic pathos in your voice."

have a girl. Worse than that now he no longer believed there was any hope of changing his personality. Other people might be aggressive and go ahead in the world, but it wasn't for Harry.

At the moment it seemed, though there wasn't anything for Harry. Nothing for Harry to do but just stick around and be nice. No better job for Harry. No excitement for Harry. No girl for Harry. No old Harry, the forgotten man.

Sleep, that had crossed him up so the night before, came to help him now. In spite of his bitterness and the ache, he fell asleep. Into a deep, untroubled sleep; and this time it was as a mosquito but the phone woke him.

His mother had not come in; the insistent ring finally pulled him out of bed. Technically he was asleep, but his feet knew the way to the phone pretty well.

Please turn to page 51

LIFE BEGINS AT FORTY

I'LL BET GRACE RESIGNS FROM THE COMMITTEE. SHE'S LOOKING WASHED OUT THESE DAYS.

SH! THERE SHE IS!

LIFE BEGINS AT FORTY—THAT'S A JOKE!

GRACE—YOU'RE ALWAYS TAKING THIS AND THAT! WHY DON'T YOU SEE DR. FISHER?

THAT NIGHT

MRS. JENKINS, YOUR DIET LACKS BULK, AND PURGATIVES CAN'T DO ANYTHING ABOUT THAT. THIS IS WHAT YOU SHOULD DO...

NEXT DAY

CONGRATULATIONS GRACE! YOU'LL MAKE A WONDERFUL PRESIDENT!

LATER

Read what the Doctor told Mrs. Jenkins...

TODAY'S FOODS OFTEN LACK THE VITAL BULK NEEDED FOR DAILY REGULARITY. KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN SUPPLIES THIS "BULK"—AND BEING A FOOD IT ALSO GIVES YOU STRENGTH AND ENERGY—INSTEAD OF PURGING IT OUT OF YOU.

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Your health and regularity depend on what you eat. Made from the vital outer layers of wheat, Kellogg's All-Bran is a natural laxative, health food and blood tonic *all in one*. Rich in Vitamin B1, B2, Calcium, Phosphorus, Niacin and Iron, Kellogg's All-Bran brings

you strength and energy as it restores regularity, instead of leaving you drained and washed out. Eat it sprinkled over your favourite breakfast cereal or straight from the packet with stewed fruit, milk and sugar. Keep on enjoying this crisp, nut-sweet breakfast cereal. Never lose the wonderful health it brings.



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This is all you need do... enjoy tasty, toasty Kellogg's All-Bran for ten days, and drink plenty of water. If, at the end of ten days you don't feel it has helped you, then just send the empty packet back to Kellogg's and you'll get double your money back.

Did you
PROTEX
yourself
this morning?



Did: PROTEX
is my
favourite deodorant
complexion soap —



Did: PROTEX
gives me lots of lather
and a bushland tang



Did: Mummy
said I should!

Protex is the family favourite
because it's a fresh, clean
deodorant complexion soap,
indicated to guard against
infection, yet gentle enough for
a baby's delicate skin.



A Leopard Can't Change

Continued from page 52

HARRY picked up the receiver and his voice managed the "Hello," although a bit shakily.

"Mr. Anderson calling Mr. Conerly," said a metallic female voice.

"Put him on," Harry said, and technically he was wide awake.

"Harry," said Mr. Anderson, "how are you?"

The answer to that would hardly have been suitable, so Harry just made an agreeable noise.

"They tell me you stopped in to see me," Mr. Anderson said. "Anything special on your mind?"

"Well," Harry said, "to tell you the truth—" He simply was not up to saying that he needed a job; the day had taken too much out of him. "I was just going by," Harry said, "and I dropped in."

"Tell you what," Mr. Anderson said, "why don't you stop in to-morrow and we'll have a little talk? Let's see—shall we say about ten-thirty? Will that be agreeable to you, Harry?"

Harry found that he could talk, though not very well. He said, "That will be fine, Mr. Anderson."

Mr. Anderson laughed. He said, "That's the boy, Harry. That's what I like about you. Never any fuss. Everything's always fine."

Harry hung up slowly. Half-past ten, the man had said. If Harry had still been working, he could not have been there at half-past ten, and Mr. Anderson knew it. News travelled fast; Mr. Anderson knew already that Harry had no job.

Slowly, pushing its way through, a beam of light began to come into the darkness which had been surrounding Harry for several hours. He did not have to be conceited, or even to be masterful or dynamic, to know why Mr. Anderson had called. He had called to offer Harry a job.

Harry went thoughtfully up the stairs. The beam of light, though it certainly made things brighter, also made it easier to see. He could see, quite

clearly, the number of years it had taken him to work up to the position of Assistant Supervisor of Shipments at the J. C. Corbett Company.

And he could see the kind of a job Mr. Anderson intended to offer him. Mr. Anderson was nice, but he was no fool. Nor a philanthropist, either. The possibility of his calling Harry in and offering him a job as supervisor at a much higher salary was very remote indeed. It was so remote it wasn't even there.

What he intended to offer Harry was just a job, not too good and not too bad. Then, once Harry had been there a while and knew his way around, he would probably make him assistant supervisor. Then, if Harry was agreeable and nice, and all the things Mr. Anderson liked about him, he would undoubtedly make him supervisor and give him a raise.

IT was on the cards, all right. It would just take a little time.

Of course, time didn't matter so much now. Because he didn't have a wonderful girl that he wanted very much to turn into his wife.

Harry sat on the side of his bed for a long while, looking at his shoes. Then he picked them up and began to put them on, slowly and methodically. After all, it was a job. And you can't go to see about a new job without a haircut. Even if it isn't much of a job.

The hot towels helped a lot; they took some of the stiffness out of his jaw, and when he looked in the mirror he saw that most of the swelling on his left eyelid had gone. The dark circles were still there, but the afternoon's sleep had erased them a little. He just looked a little sleepy. He didn't look sinister at all.

He left the barber shop and went back to his car. He drove slowly towards home. Everything in the world had happened, and it still wasn't time for dinner.

Driving slowly out of Market Street he saw Carol. She had apparently gone shopping without Sylvia, and she was on her way home now with her arms full of bundles. She looked tired, and he couldn't blame her. After all, she had started to go shopping years ago. Many years ago. Way back when he still had Sylvia.

He pulled over to the kerb and called her, and she came over quickly, getting in as he opened the door. "What a break," she said.

She looked as serene as always, not cross with him at all, but he still felt he had to apologise. "I'm sorry about this afternoon," he said. "I'm afraid I was very rude."

"Oh, that's all right," Carol said. She sat back against the seat, stretching her pretty legs luxuriously, sighing with the sheer pleasure of sitting down. "I didn't mind. I just thought you'd had a fight with Sylvia and wanted to get it off your chest."

"That was it," Harry agreed somberly.

"Don't worry about it," Carol said. "Those things work out."

"This one won't," Harry said.

They rode in silence for a minute; she turned and looked at him. "Poor Harry," she said gently. "You do look sad." She looked more closely. "You look tired, too. Why Harry, you're worn out. You ought to get to bed early to-night."

Her sympathy was more restful than sleep; Harry found that he wanted still more of it. "It wouldn't do any good to go to bed early," he said. "I can't relax."

She touched his hand, very gently, with her finger-tips. "Poor Harry," she said in her soft voice.

He stopped the car in front of her house and went around and opened the door for her, helping to load the packages in her arms. "Would you do something for me?" he said suddenly.

She smiled into his eyes. "Of course, Harry."

"I've got to do something to help me relax," he said. "Would you mind going to a show with me to-night?"

She said gently, "Sylvia is one of my best friends, Harry."

"But she's not mine," he said bleakly. "Not ever again."

She looked thoughtful. "Are you sure, Harry?"

"I'm sure," Harry said.

"In that case," she said, "all right. I'd love to go to a show with you, Harry."

Carol's mother, standing by the window, watched Harry as he said good-bye and got back into the car. She watched Carol come up the walk, still smiling, turning around once to smile back at him.

So that's the way it is, Carol's mother thought, and found that she was smiling herself. She watched Harry with pleasure as he drove away, whistling softly to himself.

We must have him home for dinner some night soon, she thought. Harry's such a nice boy.

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The Family Scrapbook

By DR. ERNEST G. OSBORNE

A FEW babies are born with teeth. A few begin to talk and walk as early as 10 months. Most of our children, however, develop rather more slowly and they differ greatly in the time at which teeth erupt, words are formed, and definite steps are taken.

It has been pointed out by those who study the development of young children that there is some relationship between the time at which children are able to talk and walk and their general intelligence, but this relationship is a statistical one and tells us very little about the individual child. Many very bright children are slow in such development.

The thing that really matters is how we feel about walking, talking, and teething. If we try to coach the child in taking his first steps, if we push him to talk, or if we make much ado about whether teeth



Child development.

are erupting or not, we will be likely to get across a feeling of pressure that is not good for him.

The wise thing is to accept in the youngster his own pattern of development, for no matter how much we try we are not going to change it. Surely we do not want our own personal needs or our vanity to arouse feelings of anxiety and insecurity in these young ones of ours.



"Why didn't I die?"

"What good am I to anyone like this?"... Self-pity? Maybe! But how would **you** feel in his place? How would **you** feel if—through a reckless love of speed—you had smashed a car to junk, killed someone else and maimed yourself for life? Imagine yourself an active, sport-loving man condemned to a wheel chair for life—with

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DEATH IS SO PERMANENT..



Authorised by the Australian Road Safety Council

Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, and PRINCESS NARDA: Are attacked by savage head-hunters while crossing wild African country. Lothar rescues Narda from a ferocious ape

and then wild boars chase the three to the trees. When they see a giant tiger they flee to the river and hastily make a raft. Crocodiles seethe about them, and they suddenly see cruel-eyed men on the bank—cannibals! NOW READ ON:

AHEAD, SWUNG ACROSS THE RIVER IS A CRUDE ROPE BRIDGE. A FEW CANNIBALS RACE UPON IT. THEY KNOW THE RAFT MUST PASS UNDER THEM, AND WHEN IT DOES—



"THEY'LL JUMP RIGHT ON TOP OF US!" CRIES NARDA. "WE'VE NO PADDLE. QUICK, USE YOUR HANDS! MAYBE WE CAN GET TO THE BANK," SHOUTS MANDRAKE. BUT THEY CANNOT SWERVE THE HEAVY RAFT IN TIME—



THE RAFT REACHES THE ROPE BRIDGE. SCREAMING, THE CANNIBALS LEAP TOWARD IT...



MANDRAKE GESTURES, AND THEY SEEM TO "FREEZE" IN MID-AIR!



SUSPENDED IN MID-AIR! MASS HYPNOTISM! THE RAFT DRIFTS ON...



SAFELY PAST THE ROPE BRIDGE, MANDRAKE BREAKS THE SPELL—THE CANNIBALS PLUNGE INTO THE RIVER...



THE OTHER WATCHING CANNIBALS ON THE BANKS SCREAM THEIR RAGE. "WHAT HAPPENED—BACK THERE?" ASKS NARDA.—"I CAUGHT THEM BEFORE THEY JUMPED. THEY THOUGHT THEY WERE SUSPENDED," LAUGHS MANDRAKE.



BUT HIS LAUGHTER IS CUT SHORT. THE SHOOTING OF THE CANNIBALS HAS DISTURBED A HUGE RIPPID, WHO PLUNGES TOWARDS THE RAFT, SNORTING AND GRUNTING.



TO BE CONTINUED

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ASHTON & PARSONS INFANTS' POWDERS

We must have Reckitt's Blue

TO KEEP OUR WHITE CLOTHES SPARKLING WHITE!



AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - May 21, 1952

First Performance

Continued from page 4

WITH slowly closing fingers, tense and strong, Marta crumpled the sheet into a ball and dropped it into the waste-paper basket. She flung off her evening wrap and sat down at Tim's old typewriter.

The review of "Out of the Dayspring" that appeared in the morning edition of "The Clarion" was such as would warm the heart of any playwright—neophyte or seasoned veteran.

Most of the other papers reviewed the play favorably, but none was quite so enthusiastic as "The Clarion." And they were sorry. The play caught on at once. It was booked out for months ahead. And no one review, in no matter how important a paper, could ever accomplish that. The play had what it takes. It was good.

"I'll never cease to thank Tim Jarrold for the leg-up, Marta," Stan told her a few days after the opening. "You see, I know the play's weaknesses, too, but, besides that, there was you. Tim was crazy about you."

Marta shook her head. "Just crazy, I think."

"Oh, no. One can tell. And you—what do you feel about him, Marta? You know I love you, but I—sometimes I don't know what to think."

Oh, dear! thought Marta. You would be sure of what to think if you knew who wrote the review of your play. You'd be sure then that I loved you.

Tim would be back in less than two weeks, brown and fit and full of life after his sojourn at a small fishing village, where he had a cottage, where he shaved even less frequently than usual, where he received no mail, no papers, no news.

Well, let him come, she thought. Let him do and say his worst, let him pull down the office about his ears and mine. I don't care.

Just the same, the days sped by far too quickly. She had never seen Tim really angry; when he used to shout at her it was all in fun. But he couldn't bear to have anybody tamper with his stuff or with his ideas.

And she had done more than that; she had substituted her own for his.

The day he was due back she went as late as she could to the office. Every time her door opened she jumped and her heart fluttered.

He arrived just a few minutes before it was time to leave, and he didn't look so brown and fit. He looked thin and tired and as if he hadn't been sleeping too well. His clothes were decently pressed, too, and his tie was almost straight.

But his eyes, when he turned to her, were gentle and his mouth was kind, still smiling.

"Hello, Smart Marta! I'm glad to see you again. You—you look wonderful. You look lovelier than the Cornish countryside."

She studied him warily. "Tim, Tim, I—what's the idea?" Perhaps, she thought wildly, perhaps he doesn't know I switched the reviews.

But he did. "So you pulled a fast one on me, eh, Marta? You did a little writing yourself, eh? Gave the boy-friend a big build-up. And you were right. I hear the play is packing them in. It's a winner."

"I told you it would be, you—you stubborn oaf! And you wouldn't listen to me."

"You were right, Marta. But I—I gave you your chance. I was pretty sure when I left you with my copy that you'd do something like that. It was sort of a—of a wedding gift to you. And sort of a test, too—for me, for my—my love. If you let my review go I'd know you didn't love Stan; if you switched the thing and gave him a big write-up—"

"It would be a sure sign I loved him?"

"Why—why, yes." Something in her voice made him look at her sharply, eyes narrowed. "Well, wouldn't it?"

She shrugged. "So you did love me? That's what you're telling me, I take it."

"Yes, Marta. I loved you. Still do. Always will. But you—"

"I had to write that review, Tim. I couldn't marry a man without a job, with no money."

"Naturally, a playwright with no play pulling in the money is not much good to a girl."

"Oh, Tim! Neither is a dramatic critic with no paper to print his pieces."

"Why, what do you mean? I don't see, Marta! What connection—?"

"You fool, Tim!" Her eyes looked strange. "I didn't do that for Stan. I sat next to the Grand Mogul, J. C. Pryor, at the opening. He loved the play."

"He ate it up, he wept, and he said, quote, 'If that so-and-so of a dramatic critic of mine, Tim Jarrold, dishes this play, he goes out on his ear. Why, even I can tell this one's a winner. Unquote. And you dished it—how you dished it!'"

"And you—well, Marta, well—"

"Oh, stop saying well, Tim. You—"

He took her in his arms so gently that she was amazed. She was crying a little when he tilted her chin, raising her face to his to kiss the parted lips.

"'Lacert weeping,'" he quoted softly, "out of the dayspring."

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